POETIC THRILLS

The Poets' Folio

A Journal of Verse With National Scope and International Hope.

Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's Number

NOVEMBER, DECEMBER, 1925
JANUARY, 1926

A Quarterly Review, Comment, Criticism and Expression for Poets and Poetics, with Hope of Creating a Poetry Market

'Tis the poets' song in the world we need;
The poets' song that's sublime.
It means a balm for the heart that aches;
Inspiration for the things divine;
It means much more than wealth or fame;
They oft-times glitter, then fade;
But the poets' song is the song of the soul,
And pleasure to the world he's conveyed.

—GERTRUDE PERRY WEST.

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A Cry of Conscience.

If I have held the poor from their desire,
Or have caused the eyes of the widow to fail;
Or have eaten my morsel myself alone,
And the fatherless hath not eaten thereof;
If I have seen any perish for want of clothing,
Or any poor without covering;
Then let mine arm fall from my shoulder blade,
And mine arm be broken from the bone.

Job (31:16, 17, 19, 21).

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The Lord Is My Shepherd.

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures;
He leadeth me beside the still waters.
He restoreth my soul;
He guideth me in the paths of righteousness
For his name's sake.
Yea, though I walk through the valley
Of the shadow of death,
I will fear no evil; for thou art with me;
Thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me.
Thou preparest a table before me
In the presence of mine enemies;
Thou hast anointed my head with oil;
My cup runneth over.
Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me
All the days of my life;
And I will dwell in the house of the Lord
Forever.

—King David, or Hebrew Poet.

Thanksgiving.

The Thanksgiving bells ring out on the air;
They're calling the people to come to prayers
To thank the Great Harvester today, for His wares
They happily display at their own county fairs.
It is Thanksgiving Day; let thanks be said,
For abundant harvest; a world to be fed.

The Thanksgiving bells ring out on the air;
Do they bring to some heart a song of despair?
In every heart, no matter how tired,
There's kindling of hope with a match to be fired;
The great producers who have tilled the land
Are the nearest to heaven—the Brotherhood of Man.

—Gertrude Perry West.

November Grief.

(A Poem at Thanksgiving.)

With Sorrow, Sun;
We mourn, today!
Today, I lay
My gems aside.
Today, you veil
Your once bright face.
Our fairest child has died!
Lately I wore
Her gayest gowns—
She drest me out
In every hue.
We lived in gaiety a spell
And wore our rarest
Jewels, too
But she is dead.
She died last night.
The white death spirit
Bore her far.
She left behind
Just chill and gloom
She took her flight
By light of star.
And so this morn,
In silent grief,
I lay my every jewel by—
I give them gladly
To the past,
And dry a tear
From my dimmed eye.
You asked me, Sun,
What gown I don
The while I mourn
Fair Summer's death?
I now shall wear
The russet gown;
A rustling gown
Of russet brown
And a dim veil
Of gray, I guess.
I wonder, Sun;
I wonder whose
Poor heart is saddened
Now the more,
My throbbing heart,
I, Mother Earth,
Or the warm father
Heart of yours?
Howe'er our griefs

Are both enough.
For both it is
A solemn day.
For both did love
With tender care
Our Summer that
Is bourne away
And so we mourn
With lights turned low
And russet gown
And veil of gray.

I lay aside my
Jewels rare,
My emeralds green,
My rubies red.
No more my gold
And topaz crown,
But one blue sapphire
On my head.
No more the gaudy
Flaming brooch,
Nor string of diamonds
On my breast.
But now, there-on
A symbol pure—
A frosted string
Of pearls shall rest,
In quiet on
My russet gown;
A perfect contrast
To the brown.
One sapphire holds
My veil of gray.
The Sun turns low
His light, today.

—Dolores Estha Russ.

Pledge.

The anemone blooms in a regal way
'Mid the cedar of Lebanon,
And a sinuous band of crimson weaves
In the breeze, 'neath the Syrian sun.

The sacred blood of Adonis dyed
This flower with the crimson hue;
And yearly the Syrian maids lament
The death of the lover true.

On the crested heights of the mountain top
It flows like a rose-red sea;
As pledge that true love will never die
But live on endlessly.

—Elizabeth Davis Richards.

Nutting.

Look, there are blessings around us, near—
Bringing more gladness; drying a tear;
One is the sun shining so bright;
One is the moon shining at night;
One is the stars twinkling in sky;
A lovely scene to the human eye!

We see here the golden-rod, how it grows;
Here is a chinquapin, where the creek flows;
All are inviting to a tired, weary eye;
Yet, all will be dead, in a short bye and bye.

Over there is a clear babbling brook—
Where, in Springtime, we angle with line and hook;
It is a garden-spot God must have made—
Especially, in Springtime, for children to wade.

Up through the valley and over steep hill,
Our baskets with chestnuts we rapidly fill;
Suddenly, we see, jump into our sight,
A dear little "cotton-tail", all in a fright!

It is then, we thank the Giver of All,
At Thanksgiving time, when the brown nuts fall;
We feel they are treasures sent from above—
By the Great Wise Harvester, with a Father's love.

Oh, there are so many pleasures sent from above,
But none can be greater than a mother's love;
At home, we find the most happy place,
If, in the door-frame, we see her dear face!

—Louise Savage Clark.

On the Morning of Christ's Nativity.

My song, save this, is little worth;
  I lay the weary pen aside,
And wish you health, and love, and mirth,
  As fits the solemn Christmas-tide.
As fits the holy Christmas birth,
  Be this, good friends, our carol still—
Be peace on earth, be peace on earth,
  To men of gentle will.

—William Makepeace Thackeray.
(1711-1803)

Recessional.

God of our fathers, known of old—
Lord of our far-flung battle line—
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over plain and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies—
The Captains and the Kings depart—
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and contrite heart,
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For—called, our navies melt away—
On dune and headland sinks the fire—
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday,
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power we loose
Wild tongues that hold not Thee in awe—
Such boasting as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser creeds without the Law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen hearts that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron chord—
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding calls not Thee to guard—
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy Mercy on Thy people, Lord.

—Rudyard Kipling, 1965.

(Episcopal Hymnal.)

The Marsellaise.

Ye sons of freedom, wake to glory!
Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise!
Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary,
Behold their tears and hear their cries!
Shall hateful tyrants, mischief breeding,
With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,
Affright and desolate the land,
While peace and liberty lie bleeding?
To arms! to arms, ye brave!
The avenging sword unsheathe!

—Adopted from the French of Rouget de Lisle, 1769-1836.

My Country.

(America.)

My country 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
  Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side
  Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
  Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
  Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
  Sweet Freedom's song;
Let mortal tongue awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
  The sound prolong.

Our father's God, to Thee,
Author of Liberty,
  To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With Freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
  Great God, our King.

—Samuel Francis Smith. **1808-1895.**

Bruce to His Men at Bannockburn.

(June 24, 1314.)

Scots wha has wi' Wallace bled;
Scots wham Bruce ha' aften led;
Welcome to your gory bed,
  Or to victory!

Now's the day, and now's the hour,
See the front o' battle lour,
See approach proud Edward's power—
  Chains and slaverie!

Lay the produd usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Lay the proud usurpers low!
  Let us do or die!

—Robert Burns, 1759-1796.

Ring Out, Wild Bells.

Ring out, wild bells, to the blue sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die!

Ring out the Old, ring in the New;
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going—let him go;
Ring out the False, ring in the True!

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind!

Ring out the slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife,
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws!

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out, my mournful rhymes;
But ring the fuller Minstrel in!

Ring out the false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of Good!

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrow lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand years of old,
Ring in the tho thousand years of peace!

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land—
Ring in the Christ that is to be!

—Lord Tennyson.
(Exchange.)

To My Ideal.

Traits that blend i none transcendent line;
Serenity, like heaven's unclouded blue;
Thoughts vital, lucid, and supremely true;
Beauty's full attributes—all these are you.

—William Hamilton Hayne.

The Stream.

1. I fain would lie where daisies grow,
And balmy winds in gladness blow
Amid the leafy trees;
And o'er my head, sweet, soft and low,
The drowsy hum of bees.

2. There would I rest; nor would I sigh
To feel the hours wing swiftly by
As in a fading dream;
But watch the fleecy clouds on high,
Glassed in the quiet stream.

3. The stream that glides 'neath mossy bank,
And creeps through grass and sedges, rank,
Where bends the older low;
Then, 'neath a rustic bridge of plank
With swift and quiet flow.

4. To where, 'neath shade of giant pine,
The placid cows at ease recline,
From heat of noon-day sun;
Then, on again, through shade and shine
The crystal waters run.

5. Until, at last, they reach the mill
That stands beneath a grassy hill,
With old and moss-grown walls;
Then, o'er the wheel that never is still,
The busy streamlet falls.

6. And dashes on with foam and spray
To where the trout delight to play
In pools, deep, calm and clear;
Then, through the forest, old and gray,
And thence into the meer.

7. Beside that brooklet would I lie
And feel the hours wing swiftly by
As in a fading dream;
And trace the fleecy clouds on high,
Glassed in the quiet stream.

—Clyde Robe Meredith.

Coronach.

(From the Lady of the Lake.)

He is yon on the mountain,
He is lost to the forest,
Like a Summer-dried fountain
When our need was the sorest,
The fount reappearing
From the raindrops shall borrow,
But comes to us no cheering,
To Duncan no morrow.

—Sir Walter Scott, 1771-1832.

The Prince of Peace.

(A Meditation on the Sacred Purpose of the Birth and Passion of Jesus, the Nazarene.)

List, the Muses, with harp precious gemmed!
Sing loud of Messiah, Babe of Bethlehem.
Prophets of old, of His coming told;
Great Jeremiah, courageous and bold!
Delight, Sweet Muses, our pen to inspire,
With a song of a Babe, the coming Messiah.

Into future deep, the Bard sang on—
"Conceived a virgin, and bore a Son;
From Jesse's seed shall a tree arise:
A Sacred Bloom, Whose nectar fills the sky;
Omnipotent Spirit o'er Its leaves shall wave,
And from death eternal, the sinner save.

Heaven ascend! From on high the Nectar spill!
The greatest sinner may drink if he will!
The sick; the weak; the Healing Leaf will heal;
Peace, sweet peace; o'er all the whole earth steal;
Crimes shall all cease; signs of old shall fail;
Justice reign supreme where erstwhile she paled;
Peace o'er all her innocence shall lend;
Chains that bound the sinner, break and bend!

Fly Years, fly by, and haste the night or morn,
When heavenly stars proclaim a Babe is born!
Nature, haste; thy earliest lilies lend
That heaven may one: a friend to mankind send!
From Lebanon's loftiest peaks ascends,
The Sun of Morning, his glory lends;
The golden clouds from Sharon's valleys rise;
Carmel's flowers send fragrance to the skies!

Hark! Hark! A voice with rapture thrilled:
'Oh, Sin, give way; the prophecies are fulfilled!'
'The Son of God!' The echoing hills, reply;
'And no one dares the Deity deny!
Earth receives Him from on high!
Rise, Valleys, rise! Bend Mountains, nigh!
With heads bowed low, Cedars, shed your ray!
Floods, Rocks, to Him your homage pay!'

The Shepherd 'tends His fleecy lambs;
Seeks pastures green in all the lands;
Hunts for the lost, the wandering sheep afar;
By sun, by day; by night, by star;
The little lambs He raiseth to His breast;

Feeds from His hand, while on His bosom rest;
The promised Lord of the future age;
Does thus mankind His help engage.

—Gertrude Perry West.

(Ed. Note.—The author of this poem has arranged it into an oratorio. and set it to original music.)

Clara.

I wish I wuz a hummin' bird,
A-singin' all day long,
Spillin' music where'er Ise heard,
Wid my glad singin' song.

I wish I wuz a lil' white gurl
A-totin' books t' school;
I wish I had one REAL LONG curl,
'Stid o' jes' ol' black wool.

I wish I singed in de ch'ch choir,
A screechin' high sopran';
I knows I could yell up some higher
Dan enny gurl or man!

I wish I wuz jus' ennythin'
'Sides on'y w'at I ARE:
A lil' cullud girl, full uv sin
Wif ugly name o' CLAR:

—Eugenie du Maurier.

Voices.

Where rushing rivers downward flow
To European seas,
Sails ships from out the long ago.
Where rushing rivers downward flow,
Come spirit voices, chanting low
Norwegian melodies * * * *
Where rushing rivers downward flow
To European seas.

—William James Price.

Down Home.

Here's to the land of the long-leaf pine!
The Summerland, where the sun doth shine;
Where the weak grow strong, and the strong grow great;
Here's to "Down Home," the Old North State.

—Mrs. Daniel Thrash. (Selected.)

Bladen.

Here's to the county where the sun doth shine
Brightest on the sand-hill pine;
Here's to the county of ham and corn;
Progressive Bladen, where I was born!

—Gertrude Perry West.

Wilmington.

Here's to Wilmington, the City by the Sea;
Here's to the city that's good enough for me;
Here's to the heroes of the city, of the past;
For the old town we'll hollow till the last!
Till the last!

—Gertrude Perry West.

(CONTEST POEM.)

A Native Son of Carolina.

A shallow river had wound its way
Among the dales and hills * * * *
When a well-known statesman came one day,
And built upon it mills. * * *
He worked with care ,and dammed it up;
Electric pumps installed * * * *
That idle men might find work
In the greatest state of all.

The dam he built across the stream
In Summer never dried; * * *
It started hundreds of spindles
In his factories, beside.

He built new railroads and new towns;
Hospitals and schools gave funds;
He made no difference in the creeds,
Nor where the need begun.

Who is this Angel of Mercy?
This Power Behind the Throne?
It is native son, James B. Duke?
But this you soon would have known,
For with his hydraulic pumps—
This you'll know very soon—
The whole "dammed" state is humming!
Is now on a prosperous boom!

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POETIC THRILLS

The Poet's Folio

A Journal Of Verse With National Scope And International Hope

Spring Number

February, March and April,

1926

MOUTHPIECE OF THE BOOKMAKERS

A Quarterly Review, Comment, Expression and Reconstruction

For

All The Poets

We have committed the Golden Rule to memory,
let us now commit it to life.—
Edwin Markham.

POETRY.

The literature of beauty, love and grace;
Inspiration found in faded rose or face;
A thing divine; the beautifully sublime;
The thrilling ecstacy of measured rhyme.
—Gertrude Perry West.

SPRING AND LOVE.

Something's happened, robins sing
On their perch at the break of day;
Nature has brought around the Spring;
For mating birds to love and play.
—Gertrude Perry West.

THE POETS' SONG.

It's the poets' song first we hear when our
mothers rock us to sleep;
It's the poets' song we hear when youth
with pleasure of health is steep'd;
It's the poets' song when in prime of life we
hear thro' joy and care;
It's the poets' song that gives us hope when
age has grayed our hair.
—Gertrude Perry West.

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NOTICE!

Poetic Thrills Poetry Contest Discontinued. We are substituting instead of contest, an endowment fund to be known as, GENEVIEVE MEARES PERRY ENDOWMENT FUND, who is offering $10.00 for an endowment fund for POETIC THRILLS, provided two others will offer the same amount. We are anxious to make the journal a monthly, and as much expression as possible to contributors, so who will be the next? Names of donators will be announced in the future issues. Send all poems, money etc., to
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Chillocothe, Ohio.

POETIC THRILLS PRIZE WINNERS

Have been so numerous until we have not the space to record all their names in this issue, but hope to have more space in next number, when we hope they may appear. Mrs. Elizabeth Davis Richards, of Morgantown, W. Va., has the honor of having won the $5.00 prize for the first subscription to POETIC THRILLS, who generously reverted the prize back to the treasury. Order her book, LEAVES OF LAUREL, from the TORCH PRESS, Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Price, $1.25.

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And

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Spring Number 1926

February, March and April

The Mouthpiece Of The Bookmakers

A Quarterly Review, Comment, Expression and Reconstruction

For

VOLUME ONE Co-Operators. **NUMBER ONE**

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KAY A. JACOBS, 1908 E. 81 St., Cleveland, Ohio.

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CONTRIBUTORS SUMMARY

EDWIN MARKHAM, Needs no summing up, as his fame as a poet is world wide. He is an honored member of Staff of Poetic Thrills. (New York).

LEACY NAYLOR GREEN-LEACH, is editor of THE CIRCLE, and has won much recognition and honors as a poet. (Maryland).

WILLIAM EDMUND FILLERY, is a young poet and short story writer of international reputation, and an honored member of Staff of POETIC THRILLS. (Canada).

WILLIAM JAMES PRICE, Editor INTERLUDES, published at Baltimore, Md., has won much distinction as a poet and editor.

KIN COUNCIL, is North Carolina poet and historian, genealogist, etc. A native of our home county and state of whom we are proud.

A. GEARY JOHNSON, Washington, D. C., a young poet who gives much promise.

ALBERT JAMES NORTON, Chicago, Ill., is a poet who has won distinction with his carefully written poems, some of which he has published.

FRANK L. ALDERMAN, is a young poet of North Carolina who is an honored member on Staff of POETIC THRILLS. He has contributed to various papers, and gives much promise of letting the world hear more of him in the future.

EUGENIA DU MAURIER, is a poet of Baltimore, Md., and a charter contributor to POETIC THRILLS. She is contributing editor of L'ALOUTTE.

ELIZABETH DAVIS RICHARDS, is a poet of West Virginia. She is the author of LEAVES OF LAUREL, and is a charter contributor to POETIC THRILLS. She has the distinction of having won a prize as the first subscriber to POETIC THRILLS.

DOLORES ESTHA RUSS, is a native of our home county and state, Bladen, in North Carolina, and is a valued and honored member of our staff. She is not only giving promise as a poet, but is a song writer as well; composing her own music to her lyrics.

HENRY HARRISON, New York City, is President "The Grub Street Club," a branch of The Bookfellows of New York City. We hope to have him contribute again.

MARGARET E. R. SESSOMS, North Carolina, is a poet we have faith in.

HERBERT EMERY MANVILLE, Ohio, is the author of FOUR DAYS, a playlet arranged to be "read and not played." We hope to have him contribute again.

KAY A. JACOBS, Ohio, is a young poet of promise. She writes short stories, too. We will be glad to hear more of her.

LOUISE SAVAGE CLARK, is not only a native of our home county in North Carolina, but is a niece of ye Editor-In-Chief of POETIC THRILLS. We have hopes of her ability. but modesty because of relationship, forbids our saying too much in her behalf.

WILLIAM HAMILTON HAYNE, Georgia, is the son of the late Paul Hamilton Hayne, "The Poet-Laureate Of The South," who wrote "The Battle Of Kings Mountain," a dramatic poem and a unique "History of Georgia," in negro dialect. William Hamilton Hayne, contributes to Scribner's, Munsey's, Pictorial Review, and other conservative periodicals catering to a clientele of cultured. We hope to have him contribute more to POETIC THRILLS, as he is a charter contributor.

FLORA MELVIN LEWIS, we hope our readers will pardon our pride in introducing another native of our home county and state as poet-contributor to this number of POETIC THRILLS. Our home county Bladen, lays claim to being the "Mother of Poets,' and we believe more poets have been born within it's borders, than any one county in the South.

E. BERT COOKSLEY, California, is a poet and editor of THE WANDERER, and on the staff of THE OVERLAND MONTHLY. We hope he will treat us swell and come again.

MARTHA CHALLIS JOYCE, North Carolina, was too reserved to say much of herself, but we hope to hear more of her in the future.

ARCH HUNNICUTT, North Carolina. No, this is not a North Carolina number, but the "Old North State" has so many worthy contemporary poets, until we wish to hear from as many as possible in this number. We wish we had space to represent them all, but we will have to rest here. We have selected Poet Hunnicutt on his merits. We hope he will find his way direct to our pages.

M. J. MONAHAN, California, was inspired to write "April" on his birthday, in April, 1924.

JOSEPH LEISER, is a poet-Rabbi of Helena, Arkansas, who spent his World War days in Chillicothe, Ohio, in charge of the Jewish Welfare Work. We hope to hear more of him.

G. HARRIRSON RILEY, Massachusetts, apparently has an awful time with his radio. He is a poet of the Muse Thalia, and we have found much amusement in scanning his humorous poems. Come again.

PEARL BURKE WELLS, Texas, Poet and prominent club woman of her state. We hope to see more of her.

LUCIA STARNES MONROE, North Carolina. Part author of "BUBBLES," (Geo. E. Wells, Pub., Pinebluff, North Carolina.) This booklet of exquisite verse is published jointly with Florrie Jean Lightfoot, a native of Georgia, and a delightful poet. She is also author of "BITS OF ARDEN." (Cumberland Printing Co., Fayetteville, N. C.) Having received a copy of each, we have enjoyed an hour with the contents, and can heartily agree with "Uncle" Walt Mason, when he says—"Your poems are distinctly good." We hope they will come often.

Contemporary Exchanges

Many lovely exchanges have found access to our office, and are all creditable and well-worth the subscription price asked for them. We are sorry we have not the space to comment individually, but hope to in the near future.

We have enjoyed them all, and hope others will find their way in. We will name them one by one, and comment most on those we feel in duty bound most to comment. The first is,—

THE POETS' SCROLL—It is advertised elsewhere in the journal, so we will pass it on by remarking that it is a beautiful journal full of good reading.

PEGASUS—Advertised. As delightful as the name implies.

THE LYRIC WEST—A very fine journal published 2551 University Ave., San Francisco, Cal., $2.00 a year.

PALMS—Guadaljiara, Mexico, $1.50 Much free verse for those who like free verse.

THE CIRCLE—Advertised. A lovely journal full of delightful poetry.

THE WRITER'S MONTHLY — The mouthpiece of the HOME CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL, Springfield, Mass., $3.00 a year.

THE LARIAT—Advertised. One of the best to reach us.

THE HARP—Advertised. A splendid journal that needs the support of the literary folk. Get in behind it, and help it along. The world needs it, and more.

THE STEP LADDER — Advertised. Mouthpiece of The Bookfellow Association. Splendid.

THE GOLDEN GALLEON—816 Board Of Trade, Kansas City, Mo. Can not do better than this. $1.00 a year.

THE REVIEWER—Advertised. Great.

VERSE—Advertised. A journal of great beauty and full of the best that can be bought and borrowed.

THE LYRIC—Norfolk, Va. Mouthpiece of THE POETRY SOCIETY OF VIRGINIA. $1.50 a year.

THE MEASURE—A journal of Poetry, 223 W. 15th St., New York City, $2.50.

POETRY—Chicago, Ill. Fine for those who like free verse.

POETRY—London, England. International poetry magazine. Splendid.

THE BOHEMIAN—Advertised. A jolly good journal of art and satire.

THE ARCHIVE—Mouthpiece of Duke University, Durham, N. C. An evening's entertainment.

OLD GOLD AND BLACK—Wake Forest N. C. Mouthpiece of Wake Forest College, Splendid.

THE DAVIDSONIAN—Davidson, N. C. Mouthpiece of Davidson College.

We have received others, but sent them away for review, and they have not been returned. Possibly will appear next number.

We will be glad of any exchanges for review, &.

BOOK REVIEWS.

We only have space to mention these in this number, and review a few. Hope to write more broadly of others in the next issue. "First come, first served."

"LEAVES OF LAUREL," (The Torch Press, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, $1.25) by Elizabeth Davis Richards, 581 Spruce St., Morgantown, W. Va., is a delightful book of poems containing forty pages, and twenty-nine poems from the talented pen of the author.

The volume is small, but contains enough of genuine poetry to make up for some that is lacking in volumes of more magnitude by some others, but less poetry.

It has been said there are no real American poets compared to those of the Old World, but we maintain that the author of "LEAVES OF LAUREL" has written enough of poetry into the pages of her book, to prove the utter untruth in this unwarranted assertion relative to American poetry. There is no perfect poet in this country, or any other; nor, never has been; if, we are to judge from the poems that have been left to us from the beginning.

There are good poets, and better poets. There may be better poets than the author of "LEAVES OF LAUREL," but while some bits of her verse may not be as high-class as others, she has given abundant proof that she is a poet; real, and delightfully creative.

Her phraseology is most pleasing, and her themes carry the happy touch of a gifted pen. Her poems will bear the most exacting scanning, and it will take that, to find the flaws that might exist in the poetry she has beautifully written. May her pen travel over many reams of manuscript as thrilling as those contained in LEAVES OF LAUREL!

"NEAR NATURE'S HEART," (Foote & Davis Co., Atlanta, Ga., by Crawford Jackson, $2.00) "dedicated to every child," is most profusely illustrated with photographs "near Nature's Heart," as delightful to the eye, as the contents of the book are to the ear. The book is a volume that will find no peer when it comes to bird chat of which language the author appears entirely familiar. He does not only handle the bird language to perfection, but the negro as well; as the reader can heartily appreciate in the following stanza from "Near Nature's Heart," quoted from his poem,— "Com On Wid Yer Money Fur Me;"—

I'm pore an' bline, but I shore kin sing
An' I lubs to hear dat silver ring,
So cum on wid yer money for me.

Yer knows, white folks, a nigger's pore chance;
An' best I kin do is ter sing an' dance;
Now cum on wid yer money fur me.

We invite others to submit their books for review.

Poems

A NATURE PRAYER.

Teach me, Father, how to go
Softly as the grasses grow;
Hush my soul to meet the shock
Of the wild world as a rock;
But my spirit, propped with power
Make as simple as a flower;
Let the dry heart fill its cup,
Like a poppy looking up;
Let life lightly wear her crown
Like a poppy looking down,
When its heart is filled with dew,
And its life begins anew.

Teach me, Father, how to be
Kind and patient as a tree.
Joyfully the cricketts croon
Under shady oak at noon;
Beetle, on his mission bent,
Tarries in that cooling tent,
Let me, also, cheer a spot,
Hidden field or garden grot—
Place where passing souls can rest
On the way and be their best.

—Edwin Markham.

SPRING.

(From, Signs Of The Seasons In Dixieland)

De honey bee singin' 'round' de peach-tree bloom;
De turkey heds gettin' mo' redder;
De apple blooms bussin' from out-en dey coats;
De grass gittin' green in de medder;
De lambs cummin' 'long, de gooses on de pon';
De turkey gobbler struttin' eround';
De ole chicken hens, what shut in deyer pens
Gwine ter hatch out sum chickens fo' long.

Be burds billin' nes' in huckle-berry bush;
De grey snow-burds flyin' er way;
De trees gittin' green, purty es eber seen,
On er fair, bootiful Springtimb day;
De biddies er peekin' all 'roun' my foots;
De violets peepin' out fru de grass;
Make us all feel sho' dat Winter lef' de do,'
An' de Spring amb er cummin' at las'.

—Gertrude Perry West.

—VIA DOLOROSA—

My world was but a wilderness, until
Your presence made it blossom with content.
Now all the music of the earth is still;
For with your going all of beauty went.
And I remain with nothing to forgive,
My moments full of longing and regret;
For had I lived the life the godly live,
Our little world were Eden's garden yet.
To wear a smile to hide an inner pain;
To suffer pangs the world must never know;
To realize that love is all in vain,—
Ah, this, indeed, is life's supremest woe!
And yet the crown to other men denied
Is oft bestowed upon the crucified!

—William James Price.

THE BROTHERS IN THE STICKS.

Oh, Brother, Brother, in The Sticks;
They tell me those about the town
Who manage, somehow, by their tricks
To live, all claim you are a clown;
A vulgar boob devoid of sense;
A charge on their benevolence!

Opinions alter; manners change;
Old creeds and customs pass away;
What yesterday was error, strange;
Is hailed, gospel truth today;
What you have been, still, will you be,
The bulwark of democracy.

What will tomorrow's dawn bring forth
No sage with wisdom's apprised;
Maybe, the salt that saves the earth
From rotting, be recognized.
You, unhonored, and unknown;
Once more will come into your own.

The pale abortions who surmise,
That such as they are, rule the land,
When'er the scales have left their eyes,,
May come and take you by the hand,
With their boastful banners furled,
To help you make a better world.

—Kin Council.

WHITE MAGIC.

In Pulverbatch, so I have heard
Where Shropshire maids are fair
They cut a sprig of mistletoe
Which clings to the oak trees, there
It blooms but once, on Christmas Eve,
Then withers and fades away,
And maids who wish their lot to know
When comes their wedding day
Shall place a net beneath the trees
When fades the fleeting flower
And in the dawn they will gather there
A dust with magic power.

Beware, fair maids, nor tempt the gods
Lest the future you would know,
For the mystic flower through its magic dust
Will your true lover show.

—Elizabeth Davis Richards.

THE UNEXPECTED HAPPENS.

"The Unexpected," with a smile or frown,
Confronts us as we journey up or down,—
Bringing to us a light or heavy load,
At some sharp curve along Life's devious road.

—William Hamilton Hayne.

Poems

CAUGHT.

You dirty, coyote-livered creetchur!
Wha' fo' y' steal dat stateroom peet-chur?
I seen y' w'en y' bo'd de boat—
You ol' sneak-thievin' billy-goat!
You struts jes' la y' owns de earf.
Ise gr'et min' drap y' in de su'f.

I got y' spotted w'en I saw
Y' gape at purser, an' Ha! Ha!
I saw y' squint y' ratty eyes;
So y' sneakin' ain't no su'prise.
Hooked de boat's soaps, an' tw'ls, an' things!
Here! gib me de ol' capt'n's rings!

Sure wish yer landin' place wuz here!
Den ma wa'd be cert' in clear
T' lan' y' somew'er's in de "CUT,"
Wha' dey'd fix y' sneakin', coyote nut
Wid ha'n toilin' stid o' stealin';
Den ah'd know how ah'd be feelin'.

An' dis ol' stewa'd not have t' watch
Kayse he'd have no SECH as YOU t' kotch.
Step in thah! An' shet dat stateroom do';
You gwine git no chance t' steal no mo'.
Hol' on, thief! No impidence! Now hop!
Else Ise gwine han' y' t' de boat cop!

—Eugenie Du Maurier.

ON SIDE-STEPPING THE GRIM REAPER.

Life never was so beautiful to me.
I seem to be entrapped in ecstasy.
When I was well, I did not even dream
That life could be resplendent as a beam.

The Grasping Reaper failed. How I shall know
How one must feel without a heart of woe.
Now I shall cry in truth, "The world is mine!"
And celebrate by drinking bootleg wine!

—Henry Harrison.

AVIATION.

The airmen sees the earth receding
As his plane mounts in the air,
The farms and towns beneath him dwindle;
Rivers look like ribbons fair.

Then he quickly rises up to cloudland,
Racing with its fleecy forms;
Or skims over the fields of vapor
As it gathers up for storm.

Oh, the sweet thrills of his descending!
As he volplanes, long swift glides,
Until he touches earth most gently
At the end of daring rides.

Yes, aviation has its sweet delights
For those who like lofty flights.

—Herbert Emery Manville.

MINE.

It gives me joy to hurt you
Because I love you so;
And to see the gentle tears
As down your cheeks they flow.

Then when you weep I'll kiss you,
I'll press you to my heart;
Call you mine, Ah, God, all mine,—
My soul's dear better part!

If you wish, you may hurt me—
You have that right, Dear Heart;
I hope my reward may be
To be of you a part.

—Kay A. Jacobs.

THE MUSES.

The Muses Nine, The Sacred Nine, are we,
Daughters of Jove and fair Mnemosyne.

We sport amoung the groves, and founts, and rills,
Of Hellas' high and radiant, sun-kist hills.

We drink deep draughts from Heliconion Springs,
And give poetic minds poetic wings.

We chant, and play, and sing—a heavenly choir—
Responsive to Apollo's silver lyre.

We, joyous, dance around Jove's golden throne,
While music swells and falls with rythmic tone.

Eternal youth, and wisdom, power, fame,
To us belong, and an immortal name.

The lives and fates of Gods and men we know,
All things in air, and earth, and sea below.

We write men's destinies upon our scroll,
And guide them as succeeding ages roll.

When mortals pray to us that we may lend
Our aid—we hear, and instantly descend.

—Albert James Norton.

DANCE OF THE NYMPHS.

The dance of the nymphs has just begun—
Softly echo the pipes of Pan.
The dryads have gathered, every one,
Joining the sea and meadow clan.

They dance on a stretch of moonlit beach,
Gracefully tripping near the spray,
Till Pan plants fear in the breast of each:
"Night is waning. . . . away, away!"

—William Edmund Fillery.

Poems

MY RADIO.

"What are the wild waves saying?"
If you ask me—well, I'll say,
The wild, wild waves are braying!
(Does your radio get that way?)

Wang-bang, skteek-eek, scrutter-signing off;
A jazz trombone is trying hard to cough;
Where to go to church-tootle-toot-toot!
Home run—sctawkle-awk-hoot, m o n, hoot!
Cello sweet, a cow-bell obligato—
Lecture how to grow a rose on a tomato;
Lyric tenor singing of a clam's weird smile;
A flute tunes in like a three-cornered file!
Hulla-hulla bullfrog and Hiwaiian cat,—
All on my radio, and that's that;
Static in my attic is driving me insane;
I swear off my radio—and swear on again!

—G. Harrison Riley.

BURDENS.

Give me your crown of thorns,
I'll wear it,
Give me your cross of weight.
I'll bear it.

Give me your dreams of love,
I'll learn them,
Give me your foes to fight,
I'll spurn them.

Give me your cup of grief,
I'll take it,
And here's my heart for you,
Now break it!

—Frank L. Alderman.

TRYST.

The trees were sleeping in the sun
With just that careful shade
The earth gives when a leaf begun
Knows not it is to fade.

And we were careful in our pain
With just that quiet start
All fools give when their king is slain
Back on the head-man's cart. . . . .

—S. Bert Cooksley.

TO A ROSE.

Rose thou remindst me of pink-pettalled dreams
That bloomed upon the May-slope of my life,
Of white-winged faiths that upward, outward soared
'Til lost to sight and sound of human strife.

Of friendships formed and with the sere leaf fallen:
Of tender ties snapped like thy slender stem:
Of precious words—tenantless now of breath—
Of life's white page edged with death's mourning hem.

Of solemn halls from which the dance is fled,
Music and laughter, those bright butterflies
That hover o'er the emerald bank of youth
And flit and flee when youth is reckoned wise.

Of early hopes the frost of fate hath touched:
Of early loves chilled by estrangement's snows:
Of all things beautiful, like unto thee
Rare, fragile, fleet: thus thou remindst me, rose.

—Leacy Naylor Green-Leach.

APRIL.

Oh, April, joyous April;
You month of holy night;
With skies of blue, clouds but few;
And fields of green delight!

Beautiful the month of May,
And so is June 'n July;
But give me the joy and song
That's in an April sky.

—M. J. Monahan.

CAROLINA.

Away where the Blue Ridge Mountains
In rugged grandeur rise;
Where they send their countless fountains
Down sweeping from the skies
To feed the Swannanoa,
Catawba and French Broad;
I stood, transfixed with rapture,
By solemn beauty aw'd.

The cloudlets swept on before me,
A molten sea of gold—
And here, and there, before me rose,
Gray vapory billows bold.
A shaggy crest was peeping there
Above the misty shroud,
Like Alpine monks of the story
In solemn pray'r bowed.

I heard awful roars of thunder
Where Tuckaseegie leaps
To cleave the gray mists assunder,
Far down the rocky steeps,
And out of the mystic ages
Red Men seemed to rise;
His mystic lores seemed flooding
The very air and skies.

I whispered, Carolina,
Thou greatest of all lands,
Long may thy brave, free-born people
With strong and chainless hands,
Dwell in thy delightful borders,
Defend thy chastity,
And guard thy great institutions,
From mountains to the sea.

—Arch Hunicutt.
(Selected.

Poems

SHIP OF MY SOUL.

Ship of My Soul,
Sailing today,
Over a boisterous sea.
Where will you anchor
Late in the evening?
Where will my landing be?
Ship of My Soul,
Abreast of the tide,
Into the Harbor of Quiet
I would ride.

Ship of My Soul,
Cloudy the sky
On the ocean of life today.
But when the darkness
Closes about me
Where will we anchor, I pray?
Ship of My Soul,
With coming of night
I would ye would sail
For the Harbor of Light.

Ship of My Soul,
Sailing along,
Weary both you and I.
Weary of sailing
And soon we must anchor
Is there a harbor near by?
Ship of My Soul,
Speeding fast to the west,
I would anchor tonight
In the Harbor of Rest.

—Dolores Estha Russ.

SPRING IN BLADEN.

Spring in Bladen you are to me
Just as fair as Spring could be;
Others for enchant'ng scenes may roam;
I have beauty here at home;
Yellow jassamine; gold daffodil;
Wild arbutus on the hill . . .
How each heart in Bladen should thrill!
Others may search; others may roam,
But give me the wild beauties
Of lovely Bladen, my hom.e

—Flora Melvin Lewis.

OVERTURE.

First breath of Spring,
Though morn so chill;
Hope's whispering,
Thro' air so still.

Nature's prelude . . . .
Int'rim of waiting . . .
Time's certitude . . . . .
Tho' slowly freight'ng.

Spring's assurance;
Comforting voice;
Past's fullfillment;
The Future's choice.

—Margaret E. R. Sessoms.

DAFFODILS.

It's in the old-fashioned garden
Imported, lovely and rare;
Their gorgeous cream-golden petals
Remind me that Spring is here.
But there is a bunch, old-fashioned,
Delicately sprayed green;
It's in the old-fashioned garden
Of my happy childhood dreams.

—Louise Savage Clark.

THE GOLDEN CIRCLE.

By Lucia Starnes Monroe

The bells ring sweet in the Spring-time,
For then is the time of dreams;
Of fairy-tales and Santa Claus,
And then the golden gleams
Of romance waiting for us,
And what the years will bring
To little maidens growing tall
In the sunny morn of spring.
And the seasons swing in the circle,
And ever the song rings true,
And the old school-bell
Does its secret tell
Of dawn—and dreams—and you.

(To be continued.)
(From Bubbles)

SPRING SONG.

Oh, Spring has come
With busy hum,
And pleasant woodsy smells
That call the heart
Outdoors, apart,
To fields and grassy dells.

And sweet perfumes
Of garden blooms,
And warbling loud and gay.
Of, Spring, so sweet,
With joy replete,
I wish that you might stay.

The world is ours!
Gay blossom-bowers,
A friendly sun that shines
On low and high;
A clear blue sky;
Green-budded trees and vines.

A fragrant breeze
From o'er the leas,
A silver moon that beams;
On land and sea
The harmony
Of eventide and dreams.

Oh, in the spring,
There's no such thing
As want! The world is yours
And mine, if we
Can only see
The beauty of outdoors.

—Florrie Jean Lightfoot.
(From Bubbles)

STEELE LECTURE.

Among the many kind remarks made of POETIC THRILLS, not any is appreciated more highly than those made by Bookfellow Alice Kimball Steele, in her broadcasting lecture on the evening of December 14th, 1925, from KFKX, Omaha, Nebraska. Second to be mentioned and quoted on the delightful programme is our highly honored Director of Policies, Edwin Markham, of whom she says, "Bookfellow Edwin Markham, whom the Order delighteth to honor, has given the world a thot on tolerance which can never be quoted too often. If you have a grievance toward any one because of unjust treatment, just meditate on this at the yule-tide:

"He drew a circle that shut me out—
Heretic, rebel, a thing to flout;
But love and I had the wit to win—
We drew a circle that took him in!"

We modestly and appreciatively quote a bit she had to say relative to our little journal and me,—

"The poet laureate of North Carolina, whose name is enrolled in the Hall of Fame, Bookfellow Gertrude Perry West, has kindly sent me a copy of a new magazine of which she is editor-in-chief, POETIC THRILLS. She describes it—very felicitously—as 'a journal of verse with national scope and international hope.' May it live long and prosper."

We should like to give more space to the many great things the broadcaster said of other Bookfellows, but space forbids.

'TEEN DAYS.

or

Love To A First Sweetheart.

By Gertrude Perry West.

(A Fantasia)

Preface.

We wish to remind the reader that 'Teen Days, is not a personal poem, but is one that applies to any girl in love for the first time, from a princess to a milk-maid. Some of the scenes we have builded are classic, while some are provincial and epical. As this was the poem most quoted when we were nominated to a place in the "Hall of Fame for Originals," which is, Statuary Hall, or the National Hall of Fame, at Washington, D. C., we suppose it, with it's "wonderful creative imagination" was the poem most instrumental in having this "greatest honors" bestowed upon us. And, with the humble gratitude of a Carolinian we will quote a few of the first stanzas as the beginning of the poem serially in POETIC THRILLS.

Space forbids more than a few stanzas in this number, as so many lovely contributors are here for space, until we gracefully give the space we intended for our poems to them. Remember, please, the poem is unpretentious, though "famous," and a fantasia.

—The Author.

PART I.

If you were the Prince Of Make-Be-Lieve,
And I, were a Fairy Queen;
I'd powder my face; I'd curl my hair;
I'd dance to the tambourine;
I would make you the King of Fairyland;
Cinderilla's wrongs we would right;
The art of love, the Fairies we'd teach,
In a Beautiful Isle Of Delight.

If I, were the Goddess Athena,
And a galley-slave were you;
I would break your thongs with my strong arms;
We'd paddle our own canoe;
Then away, away, to unknown isle
Where the sun shines warm and bright;
We would build us a home, all our own,
In this Beautiful Isle Of Delight.

If you were an Apoline Grecian God,
And a Roman maid were I;
I would sing your praise by night and morn;
Away with you I would fly;
In a chariot down from Olympus
You would drive with all your might,—
To take me away at the dawning day,—
To this Beautiful Isle Of Delight.

If I, were a border shepherdess,—
And a wounded lamb were you;
I would take you up, and fondle you—
From the grass that's wet with dew;
I would lay your head upon my breast;
Your fright'n'd heart-beats growing less;
And there you'd find a bed of rest,
Where my heart for you beat true.

(To Be Continued)

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THE BOY SCOUTS.

Here's to the scouts, the boys of right;
The boys who will do and dare . . .
With manly courage help to lift
Great burdens from others, and share!

To those who hold their country's charm
A sacred and peaceful thing,
And thro' life's trials, and cares, and wrongs,
Courageous songs to sing.

That others along the paths of stress,
Be helped as scouts go by;
Let's command them with fervent pray'r
To God, holy and high.

—Martha Challis Joyce.

A VALENTINE.

The postman came to our gate,
When birds of Spring began to mate,
And handed me a letter square—
No postmark on it anywhere!
In haste I tore the envelope,
Just like I would a candy poke;
In it no letter did I find . . .
Just a heart, a valentine!

—Gertrude Perry West.

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Poetic Thrills

The Poets' Folio

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216 S. Mulberry St.,
Chillicothe, Ohio.
(Enclose stamp.)

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Send all communications and inquiries to the founder,

GERTRUDE PERRY WEST,
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(The Society Is International.)

Retrospection

POETIC THRILLS, THE POETS' FOLIO, was founded in June as a medium of expression, comment, criticism and review, with a hope of establishing a poetry market for poets. Our hope was international. We are pleased to announce that all our hopes have been realized beyond our most sanguine expectations, and after this number we hope to pay for all accepted verse. We hope many will take advantage of becoming members of our society, THE BOOKMAKERS, so they may be able to have publishing done at reasonable rates. Publishers discriminate against poets until they are dead, then gobble up their poems after the copyright runs out, and make millions on the publishing. If they publish for poets at all, it is at exorbitant rates, usually. This is your opportunity for expression and publicity for your work. Join today. We wish to thank our contributors for the many lovely poems contributed. These will not be paid for, but we hope, through your co-operation, to be able to buy many poems from your pens.

We have found criticism of poetry such a farce until we have discontinued this feature of our intention, and substituted instead, reconstruction. No two authorities agree on prosodical construction and techneque, so why should some brainless wonder set themselves up as a critic, and presume to tear his fellow poets' work into fragments for a few pennies a line? This is what constitutes criticism,—a one party opinion and many times not worth the paper on which it is written. The human ear is the only measure for poetry, and they are at variance and differences as radically as the authorities on prosody. What our ear likes, yours may detest.

Free verse will be published in purchased space, but very little will find its way into the free pages of POETIC THRILLS. Wake up authors and poin THE BOOKMAKERS, today.

Your co-operation will be gratefully appreciated.

GERTRUDE PERRY WEST,
216 S. Mulberry St.,
Chillicothe, Ohio.

POETIC THRILLS

The Poet's Folio

A Journal of Verse With National Scope and International Hope

Summer Number

May, June, July 1926


Music and Poetry.
Music and poetry are twins... both sublime...
In melodies that reach the Things divine...
And which none other Than poet born can rime.
Gertrude Perry West.
Our Motto..
Con anti dabitur.
(It will be given to him who Tries.)
Gertrude Perry West

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POETIC THRILLS, THE POETS' FOLIO
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Editorial Page

SUMMER NUMBER 1926
MAY, JUNE AND JULY

THE MOUTHPIECE OF THE BOOKMAKERS
A Quarterly Review, Comment, Expression And Reconstruction
For
CO-OPERATORS.

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SLOGAN:
Et si ostendo non jacto—"And if I show what I am I do not boast."
MOTTO:
Conanti dabitur—"It will be given to him who tries."
EMBLEM:
PEGASUS RISING FROM AN OPEN BOOK.

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DRUSILLA PATE MEARES, is The Editor-In-Chief's Mother, and has the distinction of being the mother of the only North Carolinian ever nominated to the National Hall of Fame.

ARCHIBALD THOMAS CLARK, We are sorry to record that death has robbed us of this Editor who was a member of our Advisory Board which we now discontinue and substituting officials for The Bookmakers instead. Mr. Clark was a prominent citizen of Columbus County, N. C., and was a relative of ours—he being with us, descended from the Scotch Poet, Thomas Campbell, Founder of The University of Glasgow, Scotland, through a brother of Thomas Campbell.

The home county paper had the following to say relative to the deceased, who died March 3, 1926, at the age of 74.

"Judge Clark was loved by all who know him. He was a man who believed in the uplifting of his community." What more desired epitaph could one wish? Mr. Clark was never married. We extend our sympathy to his bereaved loved ones.

—Gertrude Perry West.

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POEMS---Contributed Section

Cum proggressu cantus, "Singing while advancing."

LESSON I.

Before we can write poetry correctly, we must know how to correctly write the English language, so we are giving a few rules for our first lesson that are frequently violated by even those who have won a "sheepskin" at college.

They fail to capitalize even the pronoun "I". Capitals should be used,—

The first word of every line of poetry.

All names, including pronouns, applied to the Diety.

All names of Pagan gods and goddesses.

The first word of every sentence.

Proper nouns.

Adjectives derived from proper nouns.

The names of the days of the week, months, and we think it shows more respect to capitalize the Seasons.

Names of holidays.

Pronoun "I".

Any leading name the author wishes to emphasize.

—GERTRUDE PERRY WEST

POETRY

Music resembles poetry. _ _ _ in each
Are nameless graces which no methods teach
And which a master hand alone can reach.
(From Programme by Lucy H. Smith

BROTHERHOOD

The great and crowning of all good,
Life's final star is Brotherhood;
For it will bring again to earth
Her long-lost Poesy and Mirth;
Will lend new light on every face,
A kinly power upon the race,
And till it comes, we men are slaves,
And travel downward to our graves.

Come, clear the way, then, clear the way;
Blind kings and creeds have had their day.
Break the dead branches from the path;
Our hope is in the aftermath. _ _ _
Our hope is in the heroic men.
Star-led to build the world again.
To this Event the ages ran;
All hail the Brotherehood of Man!
—EDWIN MARKHAM.

THIS IS MY TASK

"To love some one more dearly every day,
To help a wandering child to find his way,
To ponder o'er a noble thot, and pray,
And smile when evening comes, _ _ _
This is my task."
(Alice Kimball Steele, in "Help")

FOR THOSE WHO FAIL

"All honor is to him who shall win the prize,"
The world has cried for a thousand years,
But to him who tries and fails and dies
I give great honor and glory and tears.
Oh, great is the hero who wins a name,
But greater many and many a time
Some pale-faced fellow who dies in shame
And lets God finish the thought sublime.
And great is the man with sword undrawn

And good is the man who refrains from wine;
But the man who fails and who still fights on,
Lo, he is the twin brother of mine.
(Help) —JOAQUIN MILLER.

DRAMA

On the screen of the Western sky
When birds carol at vesper time,
Actors robed in purple and gold
Play gleeful roles in pantomime.
Magic Fairies of light they trip
Before Apollo's prancing steeds.
He raps his red cloak around him
And fondly says adieu. Day speeds.
—PEARL BURKE WELLS.

A LIFE WITHOUT BOOKS

Busy that man must be indeed,
Who thinks he has no time to read,
No time to sit him down and look
Upon the pages of a book.
So busy with his task of day,
So eager, with the night to play,
That Tennyson is thrust away!

Near him are richer friends than those
His daily wanderings ever knows;
Friends who would share his every mood,
And fill his heart with gratitude,
But he's so busy that he must
Know Shakespeare merely as a bust,
A bit of marble gathering dust.

Busy that man must be who finds
No time for all God's noble minds,
Who see them waiting all about,
Takes tradesmen in and shuts them out.
He lives his life on crowded streets,
Listens to every man he meets,
But has no time for Lamb or Keats.

Fancy a garden wonderous fair
With every lovely blossom there
And at its fartherest end a shop,
Where one to eat a bite could stop,
Not to know books would be I think
Like racing there to eat and drink,
Blind to the roses, white and pink.
(S) EDGAR A. GUEST.

THE UNKNOWN

Occult and deep your history,
You horrid child of awesome fright;
You phantom thing of mystery,—
Gray, stalking terror of the night,
You shake firm reason's firm control,
And draw the color from my cheeks;
You place your shackles on my soul,
And chill my flesh and make me weak.
—A. GEARY JOHNSON.

[Continued on Page 33]

EDITORIAL BRIEFS

As an introduction to our contributors and league members, we have given a brief sketch of each member of our staff and officers of our league. The officers of the league are our children and mother, excepting the Honorary President, of course, and ourself. The Advisory Board of the league is already summarized.

We appreciate each member of our Staff, as each represents something worthwhile on the Staff and are all representatives of the best there is in the sense of man's relations to man, in the corner of the world each one occupies. Out of the hundreds who have sought editorial consideration on our Staff, we have chosen those given for many reasons, but not all of these sought the position, but were invited on the Staff by us.

Our journal is not very thick, but it carries quite as many good things as some with fifty pages. What we lack in number of pages, we hope to make up in quality given our readers. And, not because we edited the journal, but because of the beauitful mechanical work, we are pleased to compare it with any contemporary journal to reach our office, and can say without any qualms of conscience, there are none better. We are proud of our printer, and have any of you observed the union label? We believe we are the only poetry journal in the world that can boast the distinguished emblem of justice. We wish there were others. Why not?

We dislike to appear ungenerous, but there comes a time when generosity becomes a burden and curse. Such a time has come with us. We have been donating postage, and where contributors and those seeking information, copies, and other considerations failed to enclose a stamp, we furnished them. We have donated the postage freely and unstintingly in an effort to help others help themselves, but it has ceased to be a virtue, and in the future those sending manuscripts without stamps, or desiring information, unless in a foreign country, will not receive editorial consideration. The folk who do those things show by the act that they are selfish, and only have their own selfish interest at heart. So, we feel it is not worthwhile to try to help this type any more. In future, enclose stamps if you desire editorial consideration. Charity in this line has ceased to be a virtue. We are glad to hear from all, but we appreciate some show of co-operation in the premises.

Our honored editor, Florrie Jean Lightfoot, has donated several of her volumes of "Bits of Arden," for premiums for two subscribers. We only have a few copies, so those who desire a copy will best be in advance with their effort to win one as a prize. This book of poems, and the author's "Bubbles," may be purchased at 635 Arsenal Avenue, Fayetteville, North Carolina, from the author. Lucia Starnes Monroe, a Georgia poet, is co-author with Editor Lightfoot of "Bubbles". They both contain wonderful verse by both authors. We are publishing Lucia Starnes Monroe's poem, "The Golden Circle," serially,— the stanza on Spring appearing in our Spring Number. The Summer stanza appears in this number. Either booklet 50 cents postpaid.

The BOOKMAKERS is a league of writers founded by us for the co-operative benefit of the members, and we are launching our ship of state with this number of the journal which is the mouthpiece. We already have around four hundred and fifty members, and before this number is in print, we hope to have as many more, or thousands. We invite all bookly minded to join our league and help us promote better literature, and obtain the advantage we offer our members. We do not publish poems or book-reviews for non-members, and there is no use in non-members submitting poems and other material for consideration unless you send a subscription along with them, which entitles you to a years membership in the league, unless you wish to publish your own material in our anthology section. To do this, you do not have to be a member of the league, but we reserve the right to reject material submitted for this, together with the money to pay the publisher for the pages to be published. One or more pages may be published in this way, by the contributor paying for the pages he wishes published. We review the short poems free, but if not already available, James Knapp Reeve of Franklin, Ohio, will do the reviewing and reconstructing if the author so desires, at a nominal fee. Material must be sent to the editorial office, direct. Do not think you are doing us a favor to publish this way. You are not, but we are doing you a favor to allow you to publish this way. The advantage is all yours, as you get the pages for the same we pay the publisher, and three free copies of the journal for each page purchased. The pages cost us more than we pay the publisher, for we have to count the expenses and postage in as well. Then why do we do this? To give the writers a chance to help themselves, and it helps us to add pages to our journal that we could not add otherwise, as we can only afford to publish a few pages until we become established. We invite you to take advantage of this opportunity you have never had before. If other information is desired, write and enclose stamp for reply. We are neither begging, borrowing or stealing to publish the journal, and we are not going to "suddenly suspend;" but, if we should, no one will loose anything they may contribute. But, we are not "going out of business no way you put it." We are no millionaires, but we will appear four times a year anyway.

We wish to thank all of our co-operators for their loyalty and faithful confidence in our ability. May you gather laurels as you travel upward and onward!

ENDOWMENT FUND

In our SPRING NUMBER our Third-Vice President, Genevieve Meares Perry, offered $10.00 as an endowment fund, provided two or more others would offer a like amount, or more. Several have responded, but ask to remain anonymous for the present. However, we wish to thank them, and hope to be allowed to publish their names later. It is modesty prevents them from giving their sanction to having their names published, fearing some sour-grapes might accuse them of seeking philanthropic notoriety.

PRIZE WINNERS

Elizabeth Davis Richards, Morgantown, West Virginia, 1.
Frank L. Alderman, Elizabethtown, N. C., 2.
Dolores Estha Russ, Bladenboro, N. C., 1.
Louis Savage Clark, Wilmington, N. C., 2.
Florrie Jean Lightfoot, Fayetteville, N. C., 2.
Lewis West, Shilton, England, 2.
Harold Dean Perry, Bayonne, N. J., 2.
Genevieve Meares Perry, Petersburg, Va., 2.
Gladys Mitchell, Galveston, Tex., 2.
Winifred Oldsby, St. Petersburg, Fla., 1.
Hilda Wishart, Mobile, Ala., 2.
Gertrude Cavanaugh, Los Angeles, Cal., 3.
Mildred Knowles, St. Louis, Mo., 5.
Harriet McLochlin, Knoxville, Tenn., 1.
Gwendoline Fowler, Charlotte, N. C., 2.
Margaret Myers, Pittsburgh, Pa., 4.
Idella Davis, Concord, Conn., 6.
Dorothea Wilson, New York City, 5.
Anton Romatka, New York City, 1.
Olive Owens, Seattle, Wash., 1.
Priscilla Holmes, Salina, Kan., 3.
Mary Emma Hall, Topeka, Kan., 6.
Minnie Cantwell, Colorado Springs, Col., 8.
Dora Smith Hambleton, Boston, Mass., 6.
Lillian Hastings Duvall, Jacksonville, Fla. 4.
Mabel Bennett, Waycross, Ga., 9.
Herbert Emery Manville, Deleware, O., 1.
Albert James Norton, Chicago, Ill., 1.

We wish to extend our thanks and congratulations to this distinguished bunch of co-operators, and it is with grateful appreciation that we here acknowledge their loyalty. May our motto be early established as a fact fulfilled with every one of you, and may your interest extend through life in our league and journal. When we say our, we include every member of the league. Again, we thank you.

PRIZES OFFERED

For 2 yearly subscriptions a copy of any one of the following:
BUBBLES, BITS OF ARDEN by Lucia Starnes Monroe and Florrie Jean Lightfoot, and song, BEAUTIFUL ISLE OF DELIGHT, by Gertrude Perry West.

All other prizes have been discontinued except cash prizes for subscriptions. Information can be had relative to these by writing the office and enclosing stamp.

PRIZES OFFERED

The North Carolina Division of the U. D. C., are giving prizes in their contest for different forms of poetry by native North Carolinians. Send in before September 15, 1926, to Mrs. J. H. Anderson, Historian N. C. D., U. D. C., Fayetteville, N. C. She will receive manuscripts addressed without the abbreviations. They offer—

For best ode on Southern subject, $20.00, not less than 50 lines, nor over 75.

Best poem in heroic measure, not less than 50 lines or over 75, on a historical subject native to North Carolina.

Best Ballad, modern form, not less than 32 lines nor more than 44, $5.00.

Best sonnet, Italian form, any subject, $5.00.

Best lyric, 18 to 24 lines, any subject, $5.00.

Best nature poem, any form, 24 to 40 lines, $5.00.

Poems must be unpublished, original, and by native North Carolinian.

CONTESTS

EDITOR MAGAZINE, Highland Falls, N. Y.

THE CIRCLE, 110 Moringside Drive, New York city.

THE GAMADIAN, Title Guarantee Bldg., Birmingham, Ala.

THE STEP LADDER, 1217 East 53 St., Chicago, Ill., have on contests.

Write for particulars, and enclose stamps for reply.

ENDOWMENTS

PALMS, Guadalajara, Mex., THE HARP, Larned, Kansas, POETIC THRILLS, 216 S. Mulberry St., are asking for endowment funds, and any response will be highly appreciated. THE HARP is being published at a loss, and the poets need it, and more. They have not a tenth enough room to publish a tenth they write in the current journals, and that is why we are offering to allow those with worth-while material to publish their own poems in the pages of POETIC THRILLS. The writers should support THE HARP, and the others, too; but while POETIC THRILLS will appreciate any endownment or co-operation in any way, we are never-the-less independent, and will appear four times a year, unless our health fails, and should that occur, we are never so important that some one can not take our place and fill it as well as we. But, you writers expect much of us, and sometimes the impossible, and if you expect us to publish all the wonderful poems you send in, not to mention the prose, you will have to support the journals that give you a chance. You are supporting some that does not even let you have a look in, after you pay your $1.00 subscription. Have you thought of that?

CONTEST DISCONTINUED

That means ours. We see too much fraud stalking around, and unfair decisions to keep our contest on. We intended to carrying it on, and have a fair and square ending, but so many phantoms called Fraud came by ringing bells and tinkling symbols, boasting at having won prizes that were brazenly unfair, until we hung our head over the railing like a sea-sick traveller, and called ours in, and chained it in the corner of our office. If the chain ever breaks, it is muzzled, so it will be harmless.

Summary of Our Letter Files

LUCY H. SMITH—

I have before me the SPRING NUMBER of POETIC THRILLS, and I have been much interested in all the contents. The very good information should be appreciated, and the poetry—well when you know me better you'll know what poetry is to me. I find in this and that deep, underlying meanings; some are supburb in their expression. THE SIGN OF SEASONS IN DIXIELAND OF SPRING caught my fancy greatly. * * * Your "POETRY" is just beautifully expressed, and THE POET'S SONG is beautiful as it is true, and true as is is beautiful. * * * May the greatest success crown your efforts.

(Mrs. Smith is a distinguished musician, composer, poet, and wife of her distinguished husband, Alfred Franklin Smith, D. D., and then some more, Editor of THE CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE. She is a native of Ohio.)

FLORRIE JEAN LIGHTFOOT—

You prince of an Editor-in-Chief, my copies of SPRING NUMBER came several days ago, * * * the other number seemed fine, I thought, but this seems even finer. I think you are wonderful * * * *

FRANK L. ALDERMAN—

I have POETIC THRILLS, and I can't explain how well pleased I am with it * * * I think the poems are arranged just beautifully, and I was pleased to read the poem of William James Price. I have had much praise on this issue. It excelled anything of which I had conceived. * * * I wish to congratulate you * * * on your sound judgment and thought in preparing this issue. I indeed, feel elated and flattered to have my name on the staff of so worthy a publication. I am for POETIC THRILLS one hundred per cent.

WILLIAM EDMUND FILLERY—

Congratulations; Our SPRING NUMBER of POETIC THRILLS is a "thing of beauty and joy forever," and the Staff, the Contributors, and Subscribers have good reason to be proud of it. Judging by the current sample of his workmanship, you couldn't have secured a more worthy publisher. I trust that you will retain him for many moons to come.

ALBERT JAMES NORTON—

First, about the SPRING NUMBER OF POETIC THRILLS, I am most happily disappointed! It is so much finer in appearance than I thought it would be * * * As to the contents * * they are very superior. I was not prepared for so much excellence in the poems. Of Mr. Markham's gem, it would be almost superfluous to speak of its excellence. * * * * I am not going to speak of the other contributors by name. How much talent, and in some cases, genius, shows in the lines of various contributors. You have something of which to be proud. You have established a poetry journal that deals in real poetry—not a few poems, and the rest flattery for some inner circle * * * *. Your "'TEEN DAYS,"—judging from the lines in the SPRING NUMBER, is lovely; your BEAUTIFUL ISLE OF DELIGHT is a fair y land * * * * * the poem is of the airy, fairy nature, with human emotions and passions of the finer kind holding sway. The metre helps in the light movement very much. Well, the poem is beautiful and enchanting. * * * Congratulations on the external beauty of the SPRING NUMBER of POETIC THRILLS. It looks to me as if you are the one real pioneer in the making of a new poetical era in the publishing of poetical material.

PEARL BURKE WELLS—

Vol. 1, No. 2, of POETIC THRILLS is most attractive in make up, and contents * * * Wishing for you all the success that a magazine of so much promise insures.

(Mrs. Wells is Chairman of the Texas Federation of Woman's Clubs, &.)

M. H. MENDELSOHN—

Thank you very much for your magazine just received. I haven't had time to read it yet, but am sure it will be interesting. It it is very nicely got up.

(Mr. Mendelsohn is Editor of THE WRITER'S DIGEST, Cincinnati, Ohio, one of our masterpieces in journalism. You should see a copy, and you would wish to see another.)

SALLIE JACKSON STEWART—

Have enjoyed the SPRING NUMBER of POETRIC THRILLS very much, and only wish it was in me to be one of your contributors, but am afraid the Muse passed me up at birth. * * * I am glad for you that you have come into your own * * * the great honor that has been bestowed upon you. I wish you continued success.

(Mrs. Stewart, by descent, is a connection of the family to which Andrew Jackson was a limb. She is a distinguished club woman of Georgia, and treasurer of the Episcopal Church in her home town.)

HARIET URBACH—

* * * * Publication in POETIC THRILLS, your charming and delig.htful magazine.

(Miss Urbach is connected with THE MEDICAL REVIEW OF REVIEWS, New York City.)

S. BERT COOKSLEY—

Considerable interest in First Number POETIC THRILLS. I like very much the reprint idea—and your selection of reprint poets is excellent. "THE PRINCE OF PEACE" I have read aloud to several members of my little group out here—and several acclaim it tremendously good. While I do not personally care for Bible poetry, I must agree that this poem of yours is one of the best I have read in its line. And of especial interest is your quatrain "WILMINGTON." I lived there several years. It brought a pang of a real sort, it is good for a man to feel when I read it. I hope to see more of that material in POETIC THRILLS —certainly one of the most individually unique and carefully edited journals I have had the pleasure of reading. You will surely send me your next issue?

AGAIN, MR. COOKSLEY—
I read with considerable interest your poem in FEBRUARY NUMBER of PEGASUS. You have a gift and a fine one . . . write more for us. It is a divine duty . . . and you must fulfill it.

AGAIN, MR. COOKSLEY—

There are so many fine poets represented in your SPRING NUMBER I can hardly single a few for mention. Rather I shall say it was splendid from cover to cover; a beautifully appointed selection of excellent poetry. In my estimation you will go far. I wish, and sincerely, I were free enough to contribute towards its expenses. THE WANDERER and THE OVERLAND are keeping me busy physically and financially. You can realize, being an editor of one magazine, what it would mean to edit both a literary journal of universal appeal as well as a magazine of poetry. * * * Your 'TEEN DAYS is positively beautiful! I read it aloud to the group out here—they were charmed immensely. Do give us more, and soon!

(Mr. Cooksley is on the staff of THE OVERLAND MONTHLY, a magazine founded by Brete Harte, and is Editor of THE WANDERER. They are both lovely journals of the higher literary value, and can be had from San Francisco, Cal. As a literary authority, there remain none more worthy of national opinion than Mr. Cooksley.)

DR. JOHN M. STAHL—
You have dared much, but you will win. * * * I only know too well what confronts you. But anything that is easy is not worthwhile. Always that which is for the benefit and uplift of people is opposed. The people with vision are few and are not understood. But, "where there is no vision the people perish." If it were not for the few like you humanity would fast slip back and down. Such as you must take for their greater pay, and for nearly all their pay, the consciousness of doing good—that which will benefit others ten thousand times more than it will themselves. I wish you all success.

(Dr. Stahl is possibly the greatest literary authority in America, if not in the world. He is President of THE ALLIED ARTS ASSOCIATION; Founder and officer of the SOCIETY OF MIDLAND AUTHORS; author of JUST STORIES; THE REAL FARMER; THE BATTLE OF PLATTSBURG; THE INVASION OF THE CITY OF WASHINGTON, &c, &c. He was the first BURSAR; Past-Master of THE WRITER'S GUILD; CHAIRMAN OF ADVISORY COMMITTEE of the FRIENDS OF AMERICAN WRITERS; Past-President of the Chicago CHAPTER OF BOOKFELLOWS; Past-President of THE DRAMA LEAGUE OF AMERICA, and his membership extends to dozens of literary societies of America and foreign countries, including THE BOOKMAKERS. There is no literary opinion we value more than DR. STAHL'S.)

ALICE KIMBALL STEELE—
The SPRING NUMBER of "POETIC THRILLS" is before me, and I wish I had time to comment on it at length, * * * In matter and manner it is certainly far ahead of the previous number—most of us do not get to see such improvement in the results of our labor in so short a time.

(Mrs. Steele is a lecturer on literature of national reputation, and a radio lecturer whom all radio fans enjoy. She speaks from KFKX, Omaha, Neb., on the second Monday of each month at 9:30 P. M., Central Standard Time. On April the 12th, 1926, she honored two of our staff by quoting from them, Mr. Markham and Mrs. West—and one of our valued contributors had the honor to have his poem "My Radio," (G. Harrison Riley) quoted from our SPRING NUMBER.

OUR VISION

We have repeated from only a few of our letters. We wish we had space for more of the beautifully expressed prose used by the correspondents but we shall have to pass on, leaving others until another number. We feel with such distinguished literati interested in POETIC THRILLS, that its success must continue to be phenominal.

We feel it will be a literary blessing to others if not to ourself. The writers must catch the vision we have for better literature—literature that has been hidden in the lap of Poverty and Race Prejudice, unable to appear because of these conditions. The struggle is great against our commercialized literature and those who have commercialized their names because they had the money with which to buy space in the commercialized anthologies, but with the vision behind POETIC THRILLS, we are aware that the real poets and other writers of merit are in sympathy with our movement and will give us their hearty support. Our files and staff show this to be true. Under commercialism our poetry especially has become a jungle of non-sense without form or theme; and with it has come the jeers of the Old World. We do not include the beautiful prose poems that have found their way to the publishers, but the jingle of phantom-bells; the drivel of the driveler, to jamb it all into a nut-shell from which it escaped!

Such mockery can but perish, and other honors won through, and by, the Almighty Dollar, instead of by merit. This includes unmerited decisions in contests, too, that have become a curse to the poets. All this must find outlet and oblivion—not in Gray's Churchyard—there is where unrecognized genius lies—but through the Sewer of Disrepute.

Then, it is for poetry we ask. We have not the time to waste in reading drivel. Give us poetry or give us nothing! We are most thankful to have it contributed as a gift in exchange for publishing and a few copies of the journal in which it appears, but we pay for accepted verse not otherwise contributed.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

MEMORY—Alice Kimball Steele, Hastings, Neb. A delightful compiled uncommercialized anthology of quotations on memory.

SATYRE AND ROMANCE—Noah F. Whitaker, 921 Mound St., Springfield, Ohio. Splendid poetry. Carries the union label.

THE GOSPEL OF BEAUTY—Rev. Samuel Judson Porter, D. D., LL. D., Pastor First Baptist Church, Washington, D. C. Splendid. $1.25.

AUTUMN, OR FOUR DAYS—Herbert Emery Manville, 138 Blymer St., Deleware, Ohio. Beautiful play in verse. $1.00.

A MAN FROM GENOA—Frank Belknap Long, Jr. (The Recluse Press, Athol, Mass.) Delightful poetry.

MY CATHEDRAL—Lucy H. Smith, Nashville, Tenn. Beautiful, and contents delightful.

BITS OF ARDEN—Florrie Jean Lightfoot, 635 Arsenal Ave., Fayetteville, N. C., 50 cents. Every poem a gem.

BUBBLES—Lucia Starnes Monroe and Florrie Jean Lightfoot co-authors. Every poem a gem. (George E. Wells, Pine Bluff, N. C. 50 cents from author.)

MOTHER'S LIFE IN MINATURE—Albert James Norton, (Ye Cloister Book Shop, Chicago, Ill.) Also—

CHICAGO THEATRE. Both beautifully composed and carefully reviewed poems on their respective subjects.

ELBOW AND KNEES—A lovely original greeting card by Idella Parnell, Guadalajara, Mex., Editor of PALMS.

HAPPY THOUGHTS AMONG THE PINES—(Cumberland Printing Co., Fayetteville, N. C.) Annit Beam Faircloth. We know the others reviewed will pardon our brevity with them, and giving this brochure a longer review, when we say what a wonderful poet Mrs. Faircloth is. She is a bit of a Milton. Being deprived of her sight at an early age, and with poor health, she graduated from the State School for Blind, Raleigh, N. C., in 1916, and it was during a period of ill health most of her poems were written. And, while her booklet only contains twenty poems, she has composed around one hundred and fifty poems. She is also an expert basket weaver and she finds great pleasure as well as remuneration in this work. Then, all of you write her at Fayetteville, N. C., and tell her just how wonderful she is, for can you imagine yourself blind and choosing such a title for your booklet of poems? Now, we know you will forgive us for giving most of the book review space to this remarkable woman. Her poems are all delightful, and portray the true spirit of brave resignation to her sad blind condition. A gem of hers appears elsewhere. Her book is $1.00.

POEMS---Anthology Section

SLOGAN

Aut viam inveniam aut faciam,—"I shall either find or make a path."

Copyright 1926 by Gertrude Perry West

SIX POEMS

By Beatrice P. Morgan

(All the poems have been previously published. Editor.)

I

BITTER SWEET

O Memory, how dear you are, and yet,
Oft' times you bring me saddened thoughts of yore;
Sweet the memory of my bridal morn,
And sad that it has passed forever more.

We sat that glad May morning quite alone
At our bridal breakfast—the day was fair—
The sun gleamed on the glistering silver,
And glinted the gold in my young husband's hair.

Ah, me; that sun! It sheened my bridal gown;
Filled the room with peace as from God's smile—
And I—I was only a child in heart,
Accepting all that glory as a child.

If I could sit again at that sweet time—
With those Heavenly rays the same to fall
In blest benediction upon us there,
How gratefully would I accept it all!

II

BEREAVEMENT

Now it is beautiful Spring once more;
Again flock the birds around my door;
Their daily crumbs I scatter, but list!
To them I say,—"Birds, do not sing.
I know your song is a lovely thing,
But years ago the birds chanted their song;
But now, where are they—the birds I love—
And where is nest of the cooing dove?

The birds of yesterday—Where are they?
The old time nests are empty, today;
Flowers are budding; Nature sings of Spring,
But I long for the absent _ _ _ Birds, don't sing!"

III

GIFTS IMPEARLED

I can not boast of lavish wealth,
Of fame, nor beauty's store;
I have not all one likes of health,
Nor count friends by the score.

To worldly pomp, I have no claim—
I have my joys, 'tis true;
But all the beauty, wealth and fame _ _ _
Seems made, My Friends, for you.

But I have known the wonder—thrill
Of mother-hood sublime,
And I can sing a song at will
From out my heart in rhyme.

I would not change these things impearled
For others—no not I!
For all the wealth within the world,
Nor all that wealth might buy!

IV

TO MARS

Out of the gray of the evening you come,
O, beautiful Star of Light!
Like a lantern with jewels some
Fairy carried at night.

Nearer the earth you beam for a time,
Have you a message for man _ _ _
A flaming signal from God divine,
We mortals can't understand?

Out of the grey of the evening you gleam,
Star of the Golden-red Glow—
There's a symbol in every beam—
Could mortals them read below.

A gleaming gem set in azure blue—
A lamp sent from God, is mars—
To guide our footsteps to quest anew,
Wonderful Star among Stars!

V

GEORGIA DAYS

Children, how grand the Southern sun,
When first a Georgia day's begun!
The waving of palms that're wet with dew,
As if the rain had fallen, too;
The cooling breezes that fan one's cheeks;
The nodding azaleas seem to speak;
How lovely are the bending flowers,
As if they had bathed in showers;
Up, up, the sun—and sheds pretty rays,
And thus begin the Georgia days!
Whether it is in June, September,
Or e'en the days of November—
In the Winter palms and smiling sun—
In Summer cooling breezes come!

VI

RETURN OF YOUTH

Youth spent with me a lyrical Spring day—
Sun-full day of loveliness supreme!
She led me past her flower-colored way,
And let me walk beside her wonder-stream.

She filled my goblet flowing o'er it's bowl,
And caught me joy from out the crowding years,
Then slipped within their shadow-cloak's dark fold,
Nor turned again to see my falling tears.

I sought her long, cruelly long it seems,
But hope lived on, nourished by my heart-pain;
One tranquil star arose above my dreams—
A promise that those dreams were not in vain.

She has returned incarnate from the skies—
Youth flings me joy from out my child's dear eyes!

FOUR POEMS

By—Albert James Norton

(These poems have never been previously published. Editor.)

I

(Kyrielle)

IN FLORA'S* MILD AND SUNNY CLIME

A golden tinted azure sky
Bends o'er as in the shade I lie
And view the orange and the lime
In Flora's mild and sunny clime.

And bright-hued, georgeous birds flit by
On whirring wings with chirp and cry,
While insects drone in measured time,
In Flora's mild and sunny clime.

The moss-draped oak and pine so high,
The camphor and umbrel that vie,
And myraids more, make perfect chime,
In Flora's mild and sunny clime.

Earth's fruits and flowers, far and nigh,
Scent all the land, while soft winds sigh,
And lovely lakes are praised in rime—
In Flora's mild and sunny clime.

*The name of the Goddess of Flowers is here used for the name of Florida, the "Land of Flowers," in order to serve the requirements of poetical composition.

—The AUTHOR

II

(Triolet)

DEDICATED TO MISS R. L.

Beneath Floridian skies
I sing to you my love;
Soft airs etherialize—
Beneath Floridian skies—
My soul; sweet thoughts arise,
With moon and stars above:
Beneath Floridian skies,
I sing to You, my Love.

III

(French Chain-Verse)
La Rime Enchainee

"LOVE CHAINS ME"

Love chains me with his fetters strong,
And chaining holds me firmly fast,
And holding me enslaves me long,
Enslaving conquers me at last,
And conquering, me leaves downcast.

IV

O LOVELY LITTLE TRIANON* THE NEW.

The charms of Little Trianon the New,
Temple of Terpsichorean pleasures,
We for a moment bring before your view;
And now disclose to you its treasures,
Its luxuries and splendors not a few:
O lovely Little Trianon the New!

To this delightful Trianon Chateau,
To its Lobby, halls, and Grand Saloon,
To them all are welcome, all may freely go;
To its statues, draperies in festoon,
To its fountains, to its flowers wet with dew;
O lovely Little Trianon the New!

In this Trianon Chateau lies a gem,
Its Ballroom with columns circled round,
And there it sparkles like a diadem—
There mirth and merriment are found—
It glints and flashes forth full many a hue—
O lovely Little Trianon the New!

O that Ballroom! Ah, what joy it brings
To youth, to middle age, to old:
There time flits by on soft and silken wings,
And life itself turns into gold;
And all the modern dances you may view
In lovely Little Trianon the New!

There sometimes may be seen a gorgeous fete,
And dances of the days of old,
As stately danced by beauteous Antoinette,
By ladies fair and gallants bold:
Such are the charms, and others not a few,
Of lovely Little Trianon the New.

(*A playhouse in Chicago, Ill., named for Marie Antoinette's Chateau.)

THE CHERRY TREE

(By William Edmund Fillery)

Oh, I'm in love with the cherry tree
That grows in the orchard fair!
Its trunk is rough, and its limbs are gnarled,
But I can see beauty there.

Oh, I'm in love with the cherry tree,
With its fruit so ripe and red!
I pick off cherries one by one,
Until I am overfed.

Oh, I'm in love with the cherry tree—
It pleases my palate so . . .
Yet, it makes me dreadfully sad
To see it's red cherries go!

A PERFECT DAY

With the sailing clouds in skies of blue
And letters to pass my time away,
A kiss, a smile, my dearest, from you,
I call it a perfect day.

With carol of birds in an apple tree
In the blossoming fair month of May—
A soft, purling brook's sweet melody,
I call it a perfect day.

—Frank L. Alderman.

SUMMER.

Summer is coming
With its roseate dawns . .
With its sun glowing
And its dew-drenched morns!

Birds singing gaily;
Grasses growing green;
Everywhere on earth
God's love can be seen.

Summer messages bring
Of God's love and cheer . . .
Days of Summer teaches
Us Him to revere.

—Martha Callis Joyce.

ROSE O' MY HEART.

The pink rose is from Heaven above;
The white betokens purity;
The amber is a spell bright-wove,
The yellow, sunshine's treasury.
But you, dear rose, from all apart—
You are the flower of my heart.
My own red rose of Love!

—Florrie Jean Lightfoot.

THREE POEMS
By S. Bert Cooksley

(In Spring Number "Slain" is a creation of the editor or the printer in Mr. Cooksley's "TRYST," as the author's word should be, "lain." Apologies, Mr. Cooksley, for we can sympathize.)—Editor.

HER WINDOW

Her window is a nest of jealous roses
Each leaning close to see,
While sleepy moon in languid light discloses
The lover given me!

Two silver candles in her window swaying
Their shadows on the pane—
And all the lovely roses swiftly saying
Their timid lines again!

Beneath her window in the slow wind blowing,
In the scented blue air,
Only the roses see me ere my going
Quietly kneeling there!

AGAIN

After the dreamy day was through,
After the sky was purple-blue,
Softly my heart cried out to thee:
"Soul o' my soul, art thou true?"

Sweet as a dream it came to me,
Like echo o'er a moonlit sea,
The answer, Ah, so clear, so true:
"Heart o' my heart, wait for me . . ."

ON BEING SICK

Gathered all too soon are they,
The clouds against my painted sky;
It is not yet the end of day—
Nor is it any time to die.

Yet clouds they are, and I must hide
Beneath some pensive almond tree
Until they break on one far side
And show a little sun to me!

SUMMER
By Gertrude Perry West

(Continued from Spring Number, and from "Signs Of The Season In Dixieland." Published previously.)

De June-bug buzzin' 'roun' de scuppernoung vine,
De bob-o-link singin' in de medder;
De hummin'-burd suckin' ob de daffodil,
Makes hit feel like Summertimb wedder.

De sun shine hot, jes' fitten ter bile er pot;
De win' not makin' er mummur;
De cows in de shade, lazy an' unerfrade,
Makes dis nigger rickernize Summur.

De young burd drappin' frum outen de nes'
De crap an' de grass growin' fas!
De ripenin' ob de peaches an' de plumbs rite er long,
Makes us kno' dat Springtimb hab pas'

De drappin' of de plow; de sweatin' ob de brow;
De bloomin' ob de punkin-vine;
De watahmillyun sweet, do de skeeters do us eat,
Makes us kno' hit's apple-cidertimb!

De apples amb red, and enywhar's er bed,
An' de butter-milk er flowin' like er rill;
De honey in de gum, an' when Fall timb amb gum
De peas in de pot; de corn-pone amb hot,
De meat in de peas amb greasy . . . . .
De crap laid by, an' Autumn drawin' nigh,
Den libbin' in Dixielan' easy.

De sun shine hot, but dat puddin' in de pot,
An' dat watahmillyun coolin' in de shade . . .
Makes us kno' dat de Norf, de Eas' an' de Wes'
Kant beat Dixie . . . de bes' lan' made!

MAY

Lovely May came down the pathway,
With a basket on her arm;
May and I went down the footpath
To the meadow on the farm.

There we gathered pretty flowers,
And a garland for her hair;
Then I crowned her in the sunshine,
And she never looked more fair.

Beautiful May; Oh, lovely May;
Never shall I forget that day!

—Herbert Emery Manville.

A SUMMER PHANTASY
By G. Harrison Riley

The air was drowsy, and all hummy with bees,
The locusts sang Summer-songs high in the trees,
A bumble-bee bumbled and knocked off the cap
Of a gay little elf who was taking a nap,
Down deep in a hollyhock blow.
O such a to-do as there was in a minute!
Every flower there had an elf snoozing in it,
And the bumble-bee's bumbling startled them all,
Some slid down the stalks, and some took a fall,
And one little elf stubbed his toe.

Indeed now all Bugdom was in an uproar,
The fine Summer's day was not calm any more,
Flies, birds, and butterflies flew all around,
The ants chased each other all over the ground,
On account of the one bumblebee.
Two little green-flies did a funny cake walk,
All around on the tip of a big mullen stalk,
A red-squirrel chuckled, chattered, and chattered,
The scarecrow whose clothes were rusty and tattered
Tried to climb the old apple tree.

And even the toad, though somewhat lymphatic,
Pirouetted as if he'd wheels in his attic,
A sand-flea got drunk just by taking a drink
Of last night's dew way down deep in a pink,
And the South wind joined in the gale.
It does not take much to start a ball rolling,
A very small rope sets a large bell tolling,
A warm Summer's day, a bumble-bee's bumbling,
A small thing indeed to start all this

Contributed Section [Continued from page 25]

DISTANT FIELDS

The Seasons have favored my field.
My clover has wonderful yield.
Heavy my hay.
But away, away,
Far in the distance,
I cannot but see
Fields yet more verdant
Waving for me.

My field is blessed by the showers.
My clover is full of flowers.
Dewey my hay.
But away, away,
Far in the distance,
I cannot but see
Fields better watered
Sparkling for me.

In my field the sun does shine.
My clover is growing fine.
Also my hay.
But away, away,
Far in the distance,
I cannot but see
Fields glowing brighter.
Gleaming for me.

In my fields the breezes blow
My clover all day. Also
They wave my hay.
But away, away,
Far in the distance,
I cannot but see
Fields yet more breezy
Blowing for me.

—Dolores Estha Russ.

GHOSTS.

Ah, ye are come from sepulchres of doom . . .
Ye wander where the living fear to tread,
Like thoughts of evil pasts ye grimly loom . . .
Ye are not living . . . nay, ye are the dead!

Ye come to me with fleshless, creaking bones,
And bid me join thy hideous revelry . . .
I shudder at thy laughter . . . mirthless groans . . .
I cannot join in corpse's devilry.

—William Edmund Fillery.

REMINISCENCE

It has been dimmed by time, and far away
All bitterness has flown, and yet the sweet
At evening still comes back; once more we meet
Beneath the orange lamp at close of day.
Again I hear, outside upon the bay,
A distant fog-horn, and the falling sleet
The damp winds breathing through a lonely street
While in the dark I hear the words you say.

I see the curtains fluttering in the light
The shadows moving while the day grows dimmer
A row of lights beside the waters glimmer
And on the river slowly falls the night . . .
These twilight moments two hearts beat as one
Within the darkness, when the day is done.

—Antonia Y. Schwab.

FAITH

Masking ruins, an ivy;
Gladdening the tomb, a rose:
Sorrow seeks a yoke-mate
Everywhere it goes.

From the lips of martyrs
Facing the firing squad
Leaps the inspiration
Linking their hearts to God.

Out of darkness, vision;
Clasping the silence, song:
Our own souls are beacons
Flashing the right from wrong.

—Joseph Leiser.

TO QUEENIE

Outside the rain is coming down
And all is dark and grey
That's why I light my lamp so bright
It scares the blues away.

The rain is raining on the roof
I love to hear it patter
But since it can not wet my heart
Ah well! It does not matter.

A light is shining in my heart
No rain can make me blue
Nor can the sun shine quite as bright
Because that light is you.

—Robert Edwards.

THE HARP

Love made of my heart strings a harp,
And sang to me a song;
The music seemed in flat and sharp
Love sang the Summer long.

But when joyful Summer had waned
And love had flown afar,
My soul still held one lovely strain
Angelic from a star.

—Beatice P. Morgan.

DUSK IN THE LOW COUNTRY

A league of broomgrass, rose and mauve, and amber,
Gashed by a road into the setting sun;
Three heavy laden carts that groan and lumber
Toward the woods, then vanish one by one.
A line of scarlet, and a blur of madder
Behind the trees. The resting earth exhales.
Warm, humid dusk; and infinitely sadder
Than death or birth, a lone marsh creature wails.

Land of wide beauty, and eternal waiting.
You have made loneliness a thing to seek.
How small our loving seems, how little hating,
How less than breath the scattered words we speak.
Here where the aeons pass, and seasons flutter
Like sun and shade across your breast.
Your silence thunders down the songs I utter,
Who came to be your singer and your guest.

—Du Bose Heyward.

Poems

'TEEN DAYS
Or
Love To a First Sweetheart.

(Continued from Spring Number, 1926)
(A Fantasia)
PART II

If Federal Prisoner were you,
And I were in Dixie born;
I would make my heart your prison, Love;
You should never be forlorn;
With love we would change the Blue to Gray;
In a sweet old-fashioned way;
I would love you so with me you'd stay,
In my own, dear Southern home.

The musket we would bury, My Sweet;
Beneath Secessionist step,
And Father Time would the colors change
Over which we both had wept;
And in my own, Sunny Southland, Mine
We'd forget the cruel part
That might have made us strangers, My Dear;
But for dear Dan Cupid's dart.

If you were an old Play-fellow, Dear,
And I had a broken doll,
You would never mock me if I cried
Like neighbor Mc Dougal's Poll;
If you were a boy with a hobby,
And I would cry to ride,
You would be genteel, and let me, Love;
And your heart near burst with pride.

If you were a handsome artist, Sweet;
And I were a landscape fair;
You would paint my dress of crimson cloud
And golden you'd paint my hair;
If you were the moon a-rising, Mine;
And I were the twilight gray;
As the sun would be a-setting, Love;
I should hate to fade away.

If you were a Factory Weaver,
And I, an Exploiting Man;
The social chasm I would forget,
And a ring put on your hand;
I would buy you dresses and jewells;
We'd brighten the Toiler's life;
I would play the game like a King Boaz
When he made gleaner Ruth his wife.

If you were a Carolinian;
A Carolinian, I;
There'd be no use for other fellows
With me to flirt, and wink their eye;
Or, ever to me to propose, Mine;
Or, make a lover's appeal;
From me you'd get no sympathy, Sweet;
Unless tar was on your heel.*

If I were a Scotish peasant, Love;
And you, were a Knight of Old;
I would drive you wild with love-lore, Dear;
Your form to my heart I'd fold;
If you were a Knight of Arthur's Court,
And I, a great lady fair;
I would win your love, with you elope;
From the gray old castle stair.

If I were a Pharoh's Princess,
And you, a Plebian Jew;
I'd defy the world to make you mine
While my heart for you beat true;
If you were an owl upon a limb,
And I, a co-na-la-tee; **
I would never mock your weird, sad tones,
Were you making love to me.

If you were a Blue Yankee Doodle,
And I were a British maid;
If you should shoulder musket, My Own;
I wouldn't of you be afraid;
If I were a British Princess, Dear;
And you, a brave Yankee Reb;
I would surrender all my kingdom;
My banner of blue and red.

If I were a maid of bloody Rome;
And you, a great cavalier;
I would cast on you my eyes of love
As you would be passing near;
If you were a prince of gay Paree,
And I, a sweet zither played,
My song would be only of you, Love;
When sunset by Dian's grayed.

If you were a Tommy Atkins, Dear;
And I were a Rebel maid;
I would make for you a flag of truce
And you'd love instead of raid;
The pomp of battle we would forget,
And gore-flow between the two;
I would only know it's you I love,
And only to you be true.
(To be continued in Autumn Number)

Note—**Coo-na-la-tee—Indian name for the mocking bird.

* A North Carolinian is nick-named "A Tar Heel." Author.

—By Gertrude Perry West.

SUMMER.

Apollo's beauteous son, resplendent Youth,
In burnished car, with prancing steeds, swift rolls
Along the broad ecliptic way; in sooth,
The Goddess Dike bears, as she beholds
Earth's mountains, streams, and plains, her sheaf of corn,
And showers on the race of men below
The rose, the lily, fleur-de-luce, at morn;
All these and many more does she bestow,
With berries, brown and red, and orchard fruits.
Poetic flame burns strong and bright, and sweeps
The lyre with tuneful song, with mellow flutes
Send silvery tones far up the rocky steeps.

—Albert James Norton.

INDEPENDENCE DAY.

Mecklenburg . . . Mecklenburg . . . . . .
Where signed the brave men free . . . .
Independence paper . . . . . .
Emblem of Liberty . . . . . .

They fought; they bled; they died . . . .
Armed against Tyranny . . . . . .
A Bell rings forth today . . . . . .
Proclaiming Liberty . . . . . .

—Gertrude Perry West.

Poems

LIFE, SLEEP, AND DEATH; THE SOUL
(A Pindaric Ode)

I[1]

Each day sums up a life for every man,
His sleeping and his waking hours;
His lives are numbered by his days; their span
Run out, he dies, depart his powers.

I[2]

Yet death is but the other side of life,
And each day's half consists of night,
Wherein man daily dies to work and strife:
He sleeps and shuts his eyes to light.

I[3]

And while he sleeps he dreams, he lives,
He wakes unto another morn;
Each day he's newly born;
Thus sleep new life unto him gives.
As many deaths as lives has he,
As many times he sleeps,
And death and life within him keeps:
So Life, and Death, and Sleep, we see,
Are One, yet likewise are they Three.

II[1]

The infant laughs and cries in mother's arms,
And digs its dimpled cheeks, then sleeps
Without a care and safe from all alarms,
And wakes; again it laughs and weeps.

II[2]

The child roams field and wood, and goes to school,
On knowledge and on pleasure bent,
Then sinks to rest; he follows but the rule
That Heaven itself in mercy sent.

II[3]

The statesman, scholar, ploughman, poet,
The warrior, artist, artizan,
The felon under ban,
The saint, the sinner, all men, know it—
The daily life and death,—not free
To break their bond, and go
Quite lawless in this world below:
Hence Life, and Death, and Sleep, we see,
Are One, yet likewise they are Three.

III[1]

When man his coarse and mortal coil has shed,
The prison dark that holds the Soul,
And he at last is numbered with the dead,
Progressive shall his being roll?

III[2]

Yes, in some other world, some distant sun,
Some circling planet, some fixed star,
More cursed or blessed, its ceaseless course shall run,
Then seek again this earthy car.

III[3]

The Soul sublimed no more to earth
Returns, but lives and rests in bliss,
Where nothing is amiss,
And where there is no mortal birth;
But elsewhere life and death must be
And sleep, their happy mean:
This Sages teach, with vision keen.
So Life, and Sleep, and Death, we see,
Are One, yet likewise are they Three.

—Albert James Norton.

SUMMER

Summer, Sweet Summer, we're glad you are here . . .
We have longed and have pined for your coming;
We know your warm rays will drive away tear,
And the bees all around us be humming.

The grass is so green, the birds are all gay;
There is joy, such sweet joy, in the present!
There's pleasure, great pleasure, each night and day . . .
It is your days we find most pleasant.

—Louise Savage Clark.

TO A CREPE MYRTLE.

O peerless beauty of old lands
And days beyond the sunrise sea,
That thou shouldst fall into alien hands!
What trick hath Fortune played on thee?

Gautama's soul is here enshrined
And Kama's bee-strung minstrel loom,
Queen Cleopatra's charms entwined
With Sheba's beauty in thy bloom.

I hear the harps of Ispahan
And Omar's lute among the boughs
Then join a desert caravan
With Ishmael's sons to dream and drowse.

And dreaming, stand with-out the gate
In Paradise in ecstacy
Where star-eyed houris watch and wait
With out-stretched arms to welcome me.

Sometimes an outcast, forced to fly
Through Abyssinia's jungles wild
In lion-haunted caves I lie,
And I the Prophet's chosen child . . .

Sometimes a Monarch's crown I've worn
And led my hosts to victory,
Again, by wild beasts I've been torn
To please a Pagan deity.

I breathe the incense and the myrrh
That Judah's children burned in vain,
Then 'gainst the hordes of mighty Ur
And Larsa's legions strive again.

And I would heed—and not forget,
As through the purpling dawn I hear
Rung out from sky-kist Minaret
The hoarse Muezzin's call to prayer.

But where the purple turns to gold
Three riders race. I follow them,
They halt their camels and—Behold!
The Blessed Babe of Bethlehem.

—Kin Council.

O, HEART

O, Heart, can you be sad when Spring's 'round you?
Can you be sad when all the world is new?
Can you look back when all of Life's beginning?
Can you still weep when all the birds are singing?
Be still, still sad heart, and look above,
Look up, and hope . . . and pray . . . and love.

—Ann L. Carpenter.

Poems

THE SADDEST WORDS.

When we think of the things that "might have been,"
But were not and never can be,
It is then we feel with all our heart,
With the poet we must agree
Who has called them "the saddest of all sad words,"
For who does not think as she?
—Elizabeth Beam Faircloth.

THE GOLDEN CIRCLE
SUMMER

The bells ring soft in the Summer,
For then is the time of love,
When two hearts clasp in fondest faith,
Through endless worlds above.
And not a shade of sorrow
Comes to cloud our marriage-moon,
But golden sunshine floods our path,
In Summer's rosy noon.

And the Seasons swing in the circle,
And ever the song rings true,
And the bridal-bell
Does it's secret tell
Of love . . . and life . . . and you.
—Lucia Starnes Monroe.

(Continued from SPRING NUMBER, and to be continued in AUTUMN NUMBER)

A TRIBUTE

Dear home of our fathers,
Our Sunny South-land,
We honor and reverence
Your history grand.

Your past is our glory,
Your present our pride,
Your future, fulfilment
Of progress applied.
—Florrie Jean Lightfoot.

THE DUTIFUL FLOWER

Bright morning glory,
In brief you tell,
With magic spell,
A wonderous, mystic story
Of life and beauty,
May I please God so well,
Inspiring in the sons of men
Delight and duty.
—Crawford Jackson.

EVENING

There was a little wind that came
Just as the sun, a golden flame
Slipped down behind the trees and died,
A little wind that came and cried.
—Beulah May.

SUMMER DAWN

Sweet, wistful smell of hyacinths in the dusk,
A violin's low, enchanting strain—
The whip-poor-will's lone, distant call,
The scent of roses in the rain.

The passion of a dream-filled Summer night
The beauty of the hill's awakening bliss,
The glamour when I raise my lips to take
The dawn's . . . . . wild kiss.
—Frank L. Alderman.

TO JOHN KEATS

Wan Youth: No easy pen was yours.
No links of flowing words you owned.
Yet you could fashion now and then
A line as beautiful as life.
So young you died. Perhaps the gods
Who scaled Olympus were too scared
Of you. Or maybe you were tired,
Too tired to carry on. The Fates
Were whimsical. They snatched a youth
Whose pen was just becoming deft,
Who felt that now his tongue was filled
With matchless words. You asked for ten
More years of life, that you might write
Immortal verse. Frail, eager Youth:
Your poems live, though yours was not
An easy pen, or facile tongue.
—Henry Harrison.

A GREY DAY.

Black flapping wings of gulls
Flash shadows and
Over the sky spreads the grey scud
Of clouds as they flee
From the north wind's howl,
From the roar of the shifting sand,
Of the billowing sea.

Vignetted against the ledge
Of a jagged hill
Wracks and rocks the mast of a barge
In a white-capped trough;
The grey of its hull
Rasps the breakers, as cattle mill
Before they are off.

Hawks cleave the air with their wings,
Their screaming note
Cut through the spume and the spray
As it sweeps the deck;
For the grey of the clouds
Meets the grey beams afloat,
And darkness covers the wreck.
—Ada Borden Stevens.

CYCLE

She built a fragile palace of despair
Wherein to keep her doubts securely penned;
But Sorrow scaled the walls and entered there,
Making a ruin which no hand can mend.

She built a fragile palace of despair
Where virgin thoughts dwell in beauty;
But Sorrow entered there and played the Pope,
Making a ruin of a sacred duty.

She searched the limits of earth and sky,
Dwelling-place of every mortal thing,
Found no region, either low or high,
Where Sorrow might not enter and be king.
—Robert Booker Hunt.

GRATITUDE.

I'm thankful that I'm not a flea, O Gee!
For fleas are busy as can be, you see,
A flea is apt to get a bump,
His business keeps him on the jump,
He leads a dog's life seems to me, the flea.
—G. Harrison Riley.

Poems

THE WOMAN BLEST

That is the noblest womanhood
That gives itself in doing good.

The woman blest is she with soul
Who gives us hope to win our goal.

Stooping to no pettiness of life
It's she shall cease the world's great strife.

And on it's scenes that are not fair
Shall leave the joy of her life there.

And in her way shall ever find
Opportune time to bless mankind.

When her given task is wrought
Stand crowned by God Whose aid she sought.

—Margaret E. R. Sessoms.

'E PASSED AWAY

Old Smifkins was a gloomy bloke,
'E never smiled or cracked a joke,
An' every time as Smifkins spoke
You'd think 'e was about to croak.

So wen Bill 'Awkins sed one day,
"Old Smifkins' died, 'e's passed away."
We all told 'Awkins as 'e lied,
We knowed old Smifkins 'adn't died,
It might be as e'd passed away;
Come to 'is senses, so to say;
As for dying, it couldn't be,
An' I'll explain it so you'll see.

'Cos Smifkins was a gloomy bloke,
'Ad never smiled, or cracked a joke,
A cheerful word 'e never spoke;
'E always was too dead to croak.

— G. Harrison Riley.

BOOKKEEPER

Palm trees were not meant to be
Squatted close to sand;
Nor was I, who love the sea,
Meant to understand . . .

Figures in an even row . . .
Wonder what they'd say
If I was to up and go
After Thursday's pay!

—S. Bert Cooksley.

A GLINT OF SPRING

Spring! And another year's begun . . .
A robin flitting in the sun . . .
Bids snow-drops wake and start.

Spring! And a pretty halo screen . . .
Begins to crown each briar green . . .
And joy-buds burst in my heart.

—Freda Cloe Foster.

REQUITED

Through a dark and dreary night
Winter-held her sway with might,
Hope enthroned and Faith withal
Waited still a loving call.

It has come, the call so dear
In the morning of the year.
Ah—the raptures! Birds all sing
Welcoming the lovely Spring.

—Lucy H. Smith.

MY MOTHER.

I want to go back to days that are gone,
And walk thru a past Summer's lane,
And see at the bars, with her eyes like stars,
My wonderful mother again.

She tenderly guided my wandering feet
And gave of her comfort divine . . . . .
My eyes fill with tears, when I think of years,
That her glorious love was mine.

And tho I wander to Earth's farther end . . . .
Whenever, wherever it be . . . . .
I will thank God, I know, for days long ago,
And the mother He gave to me.

—M. J. MONAHAN.

SHE OF THE DANCING FEET

What would I do in heaven, pray,
I with my dancing feet,
And limbs like apple boughs that sway
When gusty rain winds beat?

How would I thrive in perfect place
Where dancing would be sin,
With not a man to love my face,
Nor arm to hold me in?

The seraphs and the cherubim
Would be too proud to bend
To sing the faery tunes that brim
My heart from end to end.

The wistful angels down in hell
Will smile to see my face,
And understand, because they fell
From that all-perfect place.

—Countee Cullen.

AWAKENING

The birds are carroling wildly
We wake unto the morn . . .
The Summer breezes blowing mildly
Sway the tasseling corn.

The night of long, cold Winter's dread . .
Is past to evening Spring . . .
The symbol of the life on earth
Of every living thing.

—Martha Callis Joyce.

GRASPING OPPORTUNITY

Charlotte, Sacred Charlotte . . . .
Mother of Liberty . . . . .
Where brave men signed, Charlotte . . .
With pen of Nation free,
A Declaration . . .
Of Independence . . .
For their Nation!

—Gertrude Perry West.

TO DEALERS

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Exchanges and Miscellaneous Summary

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Oil paintings of landscapes, family crests, pen, pencil or crayon illustrating and drawings, cartooning, done by G. Perry West, Chillicothe, Ohio. (ARCHIVE WILL KINDLY COPY ???)

WANTED TO KNOW—

What's the trouble with R. P. Harris' "hoss" when he jumped the cane-brake in "OLD WHITE-FACE AND THE CAPTAIN?" He does not only look stolidly and lifelessly unconcerned, but looks as if he is hung up to make dry-beef. We would suggest—better have the art doctor. (See ARCHIVE for December, 1925.)

ANTHOLOGY SECTION REVIEW OF POETIC THRILLS.

Manuscripts Submitted to Our Review Department.

Our Review Department is conducted by James Knapp Reeve, who can tell you how to write because he is a successful writer himself. He is a man with a deep interest in the other writer's problems, and who therefore takes a keen joy in helping to solve them. He is a man, too, who knows the market and can give valuable advice about selling your manuscripts.

This means that every manuscript which is received is read and criticized just as carefully as though it were Mr. Reeve's own work. This does not mean that we guarantee favorable criticism. Mr. Reeve assumes that you do not just want compliments, regardless of the merit of your work. If your work is good, he tells you so and suggests a list of suitable markets. If it is faulty, he likewise tells you how you can make it better. We guarantee HONEST REVIEW. Address Mr. Reeve, Franklin, Ohio.

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Sworn and subscribed to before me this 8th day of May, 1926, by S. Holmes Plexico.

J. M. WAGGONER, Notary Public.
(My commission expires Feb. 10, 1927.)